

A larger Edition of these Psalms, (in *Octavo*,) is in the Press, and will shortly be published by W. FADEN, near *Shoe-Lane, Fleet-Street*; of whom may be had, "A Collection of HYMNS for the several SUNDAYS and FESTIVALS of the Year, for the SACRAMENT, and other Public Solemnities,"

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AN  
ABRIDGEMENT  
OF THE  
NEW VERSION  
OF THE  
PSALMS.

For the USE of

Charlotte - Street Chapel.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FADEN, near *Shoe-Lane, Fleet-Street*; and may be had at the CHAPEL. 1767.

Price 1s. 6d. bound in calf.

ABRIDGMENT

NEW EDITION



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## PREFACE to the PSALMS.

**T**HAT all the Psalms of David, however excellent and admirable in themselves, are not calculated to be sung in Christian Congregations, is universally allowed; and indeed, it has been a matter of great uneasiness and complaint, that so pleasing a part of divine worship as the Singing, has been, and is frequently rendered so very unedifying, not to say disgusting, by the badness of our Old Version of the Psalms, and by the Clerks' injudicious selection of portions from the New, where that Version is used.

It is certainly to be wished, and we may hope the time will come, that by the permission of our spiritual Governors, such a set of Psalms and Hymns shall be set forth, and allowed by authority, to be sung in Churches and Chapels, as shall not only be adapted to all the purposes of Christian Faith and worship, but also be recommended by such tunes, as will render the Psalmody of the Church of England at least equal to that of any other. That it is at present greatly inferior to almost every other, we must with shame confess. It certainly would be a good and laudable work to effect a reformation in it: there is nothing more enlivening or enchanting than good sacred music, and nothing more warms and elevates the heart, than to unite with a large congregation in chearful and well-adapted songs of praise: nor does it seem to admit a doubt, that our modern Sectaries owe much to the manner wherein they perform this duty.



Sensible of these things, the Reverend Mr. *Woodmason*, (a very worthy Clergyman, who, with the zeal of an Apostle, has undertaken to preach the Gospel in some very remote parts of AMERICA) made the present *Abridgement of the New Version of the Psalms*, which on his departure from England, he left in my hands for publication ; and which I find so judiciously executed, that I wish to introduce it to general use. He has made some slight alterations in the Version ; but whoever will be at the pains to compare what he has done, with the Version itself, will immediately be convinced of the goodness of his taste, and the soundness of his judgement.

Mr. *Woodmason* has also made a collection of Hymns, for "the several Sundays and Festivals of the Year ; for the Sacrament, and other Public Solemnities," a work much wanted in our Church, and which may serve very good purposes, if our spiritual Governors at any time shall think proper to give such a collection by authority, as is the general wish of every serious Christian that I have ever conversed with. These Hymns may be had either bound with the *Abridgement of the Psalms*, or separate ; and I cannot but persuade myself that they will prove extremely acceptable to the serious reader.

That the New Version of the Psalms is infinitely preferable to the Old, no reader of taste can doubt a moment. Indeed the latter is so completely despicable, not to say absurd, in a variety of places, that one cannot but wonder at the patience of those who can bear the repetition of it. The purpose of Psalmody is to elevate the heart to God ; for which, tho' the Old Version is little calculated, it must yet be allowed, that there are  
many

many portions of the New, well adapted to answer this end, if they be sung in a lively, spirited, and devout manner, the whole congregation uniting with fervour and sincerity. For certainly the duty is of general concernment: and of all the absurd modes of singing, that certainly is the most absurd, which separates a part of the congregation to this office, and forms a kind of choir, singing as they call it, in parts, generally in a harsh and dissonant manner, and always to the offence of every man, who rightly considers the true end of praising God by Psalms and Hymns in the great congregation. But there is the less need to say much of this practice, as it is, I think, very rare in the churches of the metropolis; and we may hope when Psalmody is a little more improved, that it will be totally disused in those of the country.

It will give me great pleasure, if the present work shall at all conduce to so desirable an end; and I could wish that the mode of singing at CHARLOTTE-STREET CHAPEL, might be such, as to be found worthy of imitation; at least I will do my part to make it such. I have taken great pains to appoint such a Clerk as may lead this part of the duty with propriety: I will direct him to the use of such tunes as are most generally acceptable: and for the rest, it will be with the congregation; who, I hope, will consider Psalmody as a real and delightful part of duty, and in this view unite in it with cheerfulness and sincerity; *singing with the spirit, and with the understanding, and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.*

Southampton-Row,  
Oct. 10, 1767.

W. DODD.



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A N  
 ABRIDGEMENT  
 OF THE  
 NEW VERSION of the PSALMS.

## P S A L M I.

**H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents  
 By ill advice to walk ;  
 Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits  
 Where men profanely talk :

But makes the perfect law of God,  
 His business and delight ;  
 Devoutly reads therein by day,  
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams  
 With timely fruit does bend,  
 He still shall flourish, and success  
 All his designs attend.

Ungodly men, and their attempts  
 No lasting root shall find ;  
 Untimely blasted and dispers'd  
 Like chaff before the wind.

Their guilt shall strike the wicked dead  
 Before the Judge's face ;  
 No formal hypocrite shall then  
 Amongst the just have place.

For God approves the good man's ways,  
 To happiness they tend;  
 But sinners and the paths they tread  
 Shall in destruction end.

P S A L M III. (*For the Morning.*)

**T**HOU Lord art my secure defence,  
 On thee my hopes rely;  
 Thou art my glory, and my help  
 When any evil's nigh.

Guarded by thee, I laid me down,  
 My sweet repose to take;  
 For I thro' him securely sleep,  
 Thro' him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
 He only can defend:  
 His blessings he extends to all  
 Who on his name depend.

P S A L M IV. (*An Evening Psalm.*)

**H**OW long will ye, O sons of men,  
 Ill practices devise?  
 How long your vain designs pursue,  
 And spread malicious lies?  
 Consider that the righteous man,  
 Is God's peculiar choice;  
 And when he makes to Heav'n his pray'r,  
 Th' Almighty hears his voice.

Then stand in awe of his commands;  
 Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;  
 Commune in private with your hearts,  
 And bend them to God's will.  
 The place of other sacrifice  
 Let righteousness supply;  
 And let your hope securely fixt,  
 On Heav'n alone rely.



P S A L M V.

3

While worldly minds impatient grow  
 More prosp'rous times to see,  
 O let the glories of thy face  
 Shine brightly, Lord, on me.  
 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,  
 And take my needful rest;  
 No other guard, O Lord, I crave,  
 Of thy defence possess.

P S A L M V. (*For the Morning.*)

**L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint;  
 Accept my secret pray'r:  
 To thee alone, my King, my God,  
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear:  
 And with the dawning day,  
 To thee, devoutly, I'll look up,  
 To thee, devoutly pray.

For thou the wrongs the just sustain,  
 Can'st never, Lord, approve,  
 Who from thy sacred dwelling place,  
 All evil dost remove:

Not long shall wicked men remain  
 Unpunished in thy view;  
 All such as act unrighteous things,  
 Thy vengeance shall pursue.

By their own councils let them fall,  
 Oppress'd with loads of sin;  
 All who unto thy righteous laws  
 Have hardened rebels been.

But let all those who trust in thee,  
 With shouts their joy proclaim:  
 Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,  
 And all that love thy name.

## P S A L M VIII.

To righteous men, the righteous Lord,  
 His blessing will extend;  
 And with his favour all his Saints,  
 As with a shield defend.

## P S A L M VIII.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow,  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Through all the world how great art thou,  
 How glorious is thy name!  
 In Heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,  
 Nor fully reckon'd there;  
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue,  
 Thy boundless praise declare.  
 Thro' thee the weak confound the strong,  
 And crush their haughty foes;  
 And so thou quell'st the wicked throng  
 That thee and thine oppose.

## P A R T II.

When Heav'n thy beauteous work on high,  
 Employs my wond'ring fight;  
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
 With stars of feeble light;  
 What's man (say I) that Lord, thou lov'st  
 To keep him in thy mind?  
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
 To him so wond'rous kind?  
 Him next in pow'r thou didst create  
 To thy celestial train,  
 Ordain'd in dignity and state  
 O'er all thy works to reign.  
 They jointly own his pow'rful sway,  
 The beasts that prey, or graze;  
 The bird that wings its airy way;  
 The fish that cuts the seas.



P S A L M IX.

5

O Thou to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame,  
Thro' all the world how great art thou,  
How glorious is thy name!

P S A L M IX.

**T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
We will our hearts prepare,  
To all the list'ning world thy works,  
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The thoughts of them shall to our soul  
Exalted pleasure bring,  
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,  
Triumphant praise we sing.

Thou shalt forever live, who hath  
A righteous throne prepar'd,  
Impartial justice to dispense,  
To punish or reward.

Thou art a constant sure defence,  
Against oppressing rage,  
When troubles rise, thy needful aid,  
In our behalf engage.

All those who have thy goodness prov'd,  
Will in thy truth confide;  
Thy mercy ne'er forsook the man,  
Who on thy help rely'd.

Thy suff'ring saints when most distressed,  
Thy grace vouchsafes to aid;  
Their expectations thou wilt crown,  
Tho' for a time delay'd.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,  
From Sion his abode;  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

## P S A L M XIV.

**S**URE, wicked fools must need suppose,  
That God is nothing but a name :  
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,  
No breast is warm'd with holy flame.

How will they tremble then for fear,  
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake ;  
For to the righteous God is near,  
And never will their cause forsake.

Ill men in vain with scorn expose,  
Those methods which the good pursue ;  
Since God a refuge is for those,  
Whom his just eyes with favour view.

## P S A L M XV.

**L**ORD! who's the happy man that may  
To thy blest courts repair ?  
Not stranger-like to visit them,  
But to inhabit there ?

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed,  
By rules of virtue moves ;  
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak  
The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge,  
His neighbour's fame to wound ;  
Nor hearken to a false report,  
By malice whisper'd round.

Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r  
Can treat with just neglect ;  
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,  
Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust  
Has ever firmly stood ;  
And tho' he promise to his loss,  
Yet makes his promise good.

Whose

## P S A L M XVI.

7

Whose soul in usury disdains  
His treasure to employ,  
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,  
The guiltless to destroy.

This man, who by such steady course,  
Has happiness insur'd,  
When earth's foundation shake, shall stand  
By Providence secur'd.

## P S A L M XVI.

**M**Y lot is fall'n in that blest land,  
Where God is truly known ;  
He guides by his Almighty hand,  
All who his goodness own.

In nature's most delightful scene,  
My happy portion lies ;  
My country's liberties and laws,  
All other lands outvies.

Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,  
Whose precepts give me light,  
And private council still afford,  
In sorrow's dismal night.

I'll strive my actions to approve,  
To his all-seeing eye :  
No danger shall my hopes remove,  
While my Redeemer's nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
My glory does rejoice ;  
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,  
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou Lord, when I resign my breath,  
My soul from Hell shalt free,  
Who did not let thy holy one  
In death, corruption see.

Thou

8 P S A L M XVIII, XIX.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,  
Which to thy presence lead,  
Where pleasures dwell without allay,  
And joys that never fade.

P S A L M XVIII.

**N**O change of times shall ever shock  
My firm affection Lord, to thee;  
For thou hast always been a rock,  
A fortress, and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God;  
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways,  
To various paths of human kind,  
Those who for mercy merit praise,  
With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.

Thou to the just shall justice shew,  
Thee pure, thy purity shall see;  
Such as perversely chuse to go,  
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

For God's designs shall still succeed;  
His word will bear the utmost test;  
He's a strong shield to all that need,  
And on his sure protection rest.

Who then deserves to be ador'd,  
But God on whom my hopes depend?  
Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
Can with resistless pow'r defend?

P S A L M XIX.

**T**HE Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
Which that alone can fill:  
The firmament and stars, express  
Their great Creator's skill.

The

P S A L M XIX. PART II.

9

The dawn of each returning day,  
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings,  
 From darkest night's successive rounds,  
 Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm,  
 Or region is confin'd ;  
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood  
 Alike by all mankind.

This doctrine does its sacred sense  
 Thro' earth's extent display,  
 Whose bright contents the circling sun,  
 Does round the world convey.

No bridegroom for his nuptials drest,  
 Has such a chearful face ;  
 No giant does like him rejoice,  
 To run his glorious race :

From east to west, from west to east,  
 With restless course he goes ;  
 And thro' his progress chearful light,  
 And vital warmth bestows.

P A R T II.

God's perfect law converts the soul,  
 Reclaims from false desires :  
 With sacred wisdom his sure word,  
 The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,  
 And bring sincere delight ;  
 His pure commands in search of truth,  
 Assist the feeblest sight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
 On sure foundations laid :  
 His equal laws are in the scales,  
 Of truth and justice weigh'd.

Of more esteem than golden mines,  
 Or gold refin'd with skill ;  
 More sweet than honey, or the drops  
 That from the comb distill.

My

My trusty counsellors they are,  
 And friendly warnings give :  
 Divine reward attend on those,  
 Who by thy precepts live.

## P A R T III.

But what frail man observes, how oft  
 He does from virtue fall ?  
 O cleanse me from my secret faults,  
 Thou God that know'st them all.  
 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,  
 Dominion have o'er me ;  
 That by thy grace preserv'd, I may,  
 The great transgression flee.  
 So shall my pray'r and praises be  
 With thy acceptance blest,  
 And I, secure on thy defence,  
 My strength and Saviour rest,

## P S A L M XXII.

**Y**E worshippers of Jacob's God,  
 All ye of Isr'el's line,  
 O praise the Lord, and to your praise  
 Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er disdain'd on low distress  
 To cast a gracious eye,  
 Nor turn'd from poverty his face,  
 But hears its humble cry.

'Tis his supreme prerogative  
 O'er subject Kings to reign,  
 'Tis just that he should rule the world,  
 Who does the world sustain.

The rich who are with plenty fed  
 His bounty must confess ;  
 The sons of want by him reliev'd,  
 Their gen'rous patron bless.



P S A L M XXIII, XXIV.

11

With humble worship to his throne,  
 They all for aid resort :  
 That pow'r which first their beings gave,  
 Can only them support.  
 O may a chosen spotless race,  
 Devoted to his name,  
 To their admiring heirs his truth,  
 And glorious acts proclaim.

P S A L M XXIII.

**T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 Vouchsafes to be my guide :  
 The shepherd by whose constant care,  
 My wants are all supply'd.  
 In tender grass he makes me feed,  
 And gently there repose :  
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
 Refreshing water flows.  
 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,  
 And to his endless praise,  
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk,  
 In his most righteous ways.  
 I pass the gloomy vale of death  
 From fear and danger free :  
 For there his aiding rod and staff,  
 Defend and comfort me.  
 Since God does thus his wond'rous love  
 Through all my life extend,  
 That life to him I will devote,  
 And in his temple spend.

P S A L M XXIV.

**T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
 The Lord her fulness is ;  
 The world, and they that dwell therein  
 By sov'reign right are his.

He

12 P S A L M XXIV. PART II.

He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas ;  
And his Almighty hand,  
Upon inconstant floods has made  
The stable fabrick stand.

But for himself this Lord of all,  
One chosen seat design'd :  
O ! who shall to that sacred hill,  
Deserv'd admittance find ?

The man whose hands and heart are pure ;  
Whose thoughts from pride are free ;  
Who honest poverty prefers  
To gainful perjury.

This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
Shall show'r his blessings down :  
Whom, God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
With righteousness to crown.

Such is the race of Saints, by whom  
The sacred courts are trod ;  
And such the Profelytes that seek  
The face of Jacob's God.

P A R T II.

*Proper for Ascension Day, or the Sunday after.*

Erect your head, eternal gates  
Unfold, to entertain  
The King of Glory—see he comes  
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory ? who ?  
The Lord for strength renown'd,  
In battle mighty ; o'er his foes,  
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your head, ye gates unfold,  
In state to entertain  
The King of Glory—see he comes,  
With all his shining train.

Who



PSALM XXV. PART I, II.

13

Who is the King of glory ? who ?  
The Lord of hosts renown'd :  
Of glory he alone is King  
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

PART I.

**T**O God in whom I trust,  
I lift my heart and voice ;  
O let me not be put to shame,  
Nor let my foes rejoice.  
Those who on thee rely,  
Let no disgrace attend ;  
Be that the shameful lot of such  
As wilfully offend.  
To me thy truth impart,  
And lead me in thy way ;  
For thou art he that brings me help,  
On thee I wait all day.  
Thy mercies and thy love,  
O Lord, recal to mind,  
And graciously continue still,  
As thou wert ever kind.  
Since mercy is the grace,  
That most exalts thy fame ;  
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,  
And so advance thy Name.  
Let all my youthful crimes,  
Be blotted out by thee :  
And for thy wond'rous goodness sake,  
In mercy think on me

PART II.

His mercy and his truth,  
The righteous Lord displays,  
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,  
And teaching them his ways.

C

He

14 P S A L M XXV. PART III.

He those in justice guides,  
Who his direction seek :  
And in his sacred paths shall lead  
The humble and the meek.

Thro' all the ways of God,  
Both truth and mercy shine ;  
To such as with religious hearts,  
To his blest will incline.

Whoe'er with humble fear,  
To God his duty pays,  
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,  
In all his righteous ways.

His quiet soul with peace,  
Shall be for ever blest ;  
And by his num'rous race the land  
Successively possess.

For God to all his faints  
His secret will imparts ;  
And does his gracious cov'nant write,  
In their obedient hearts.

P A R T III.

To God I lift my eyes,  
And wait his timely aid ;  
Who broke the strong and treach'rous snare  
That fatan for me laid.

O turn, and all my griefs,  
In mercy, Lord, redress ;  
For I am compass'd round with woes,  
And plung'd in deep distress.

The sorrows of my heart,  
To mighty fums increase ;  
O ! from this dark and dismal state,  
My troubled soul release.

Do

Do thou with tender eyes,  
 My sad affliction see :  
 Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt  
 Entirely set me free.

Let all my righteous acts,  
 To full perfection rise ;  
 Because my firm and constant hope  
 On thee alone relies.

P S A L M XXVI. [*Before the H. Sacrament.*]

**I**'LL wash my hands in innocence,  
 And bring a heart so pure,  
 That when thy altar I approach,  
 My welcome shall secure.

My thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
 How thy renown excels ;  
 That seat affords me most delight,  
 In which thy honour dwell.

P S A L M XXVII.

**W**HOM should I fear, since God to me,  
 Is saving health and light ?  
 Since strongly he my life supports,  
 What can my soul affright ?  
 Henceforth within his house to dwell,  
 I earnestly desire,  
 His wond'rous beauty there to view,  
 And his blest will enquire.

For there may I with comfort rest,  
 In time of deep distress ;  
 And safe as on a rock abide,  
 In that secure recess.

Whilst God o'er all my secret foes,  
 My humble head shall raise ;  
 And I my joyful offering bring,  
 Of thankfulness and praise.

## PART II.

Continue Lord, to hear my voice,  
 Whene'er to thee I cry;  
 In mercy all my pray'rs receive,  
 Nor my request deny.

When us to seek thy glorious face,  
 Thou kindly dost advise,  
 "Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"  
 My grateful heart replies.

Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord!  
 Nor me in wrath reject:  
 My God and Saviour, leave not him  
 Thou kindly dost protect.

Tho' all my friends and nearest kin,  
 Their helpless charge forsake;  
 Yet thou whose love excells them all,  
 Wilt care and pity take.

## P S A L M XXIX.

**Y**E Princes that in might excel,  
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare;  
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,  
 His wond'rous pow'r to all declare.

To his great name fresh altars raise,  
 Devoutly due respect afford;  
 This in his holy temple praise,  
 Where he's with solemn state ador'd.

'Tis he that with amazing noise,  
 The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks;  
 The ocean trembles at his voice,  
 When he from heaven in thunder speaks.

How full of pow'r his voice appears!  
 With what majestic terror crown'd!  
 Which from their roots tall cedars tears,  
 And strews their scatter'd branches round!

They

## P S A L M XXXI, PART II.

17

They and the hills on which they grow,  
Are sometimes hurried far away;  
And leap like little hinds that bounding go,  
Or Unicorns in youthful play.

God rules the angry floods on high,  
His boundless sway shall never cease:  
His people he'll with strength supply,  
And bless his own with constant peace.

## P S A L M XXXI.

**D**E F E N D me, Lord, from shame  
For all my trust's on Thee:  
As just and righteous is thy Name,  
From danger set me free.

Bow down thy gracious ear,  
And speedy succour send,  
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,  
To shelter and defend.

Release me from each snare,  
The tempter closely laid;  
Since I, O God, my strength, repair  
To thee alone for aid.

To thee the God of truth,  
My life and all that's mine;  
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth)  
I willingly resign.

All vain designs I hate,  
Of those that trust in lies;  
And still my soul in ev'ry state,  
To God for succour flies.

## P A R T II.

The brightness of thy face,  
To me, O Lord, disclose;  
And as thy mercies still increase,  
Preserve me from my foes.

18 P S A L M XXXII. PART III.

For still my steadfast trust  
I on thy help repose,  
That thou my God art good and just,  
My soul with comfort knows.

Whate'er events betide,  
Thy wisdom times them all,  
Then Lord, thy servant safely hide,  
From such as seek his fall.

Me from dishonour save,  
Who still have call'd on thee,  
Let that, and silence in the grave,  
The sinners portion be.

P A R T III.

How great thy mercies are ?  
To such as fear thy name !  
Which thou for those that trust thy care,  
Dost to the world proclaim.

Thou keep'st them in thy sight,  
From proud oppressors free ;  
From tongues that do in strife delight,  
They are preserv'd by thee.

O all you faints ! the Lord  
Will eager love pursue ;  
Who to the just will help afford,  
And give the proud their due.

Ye that on God rely,  
Courageously proceed,  
For he will still your hearts supply  
With strength in time of need.

P S A L M XXXII.

**H**E's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd  
No more in judgment appear :  
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,  
And whose repentance is sincere.

No



P S A L M XXXII. PART II. 19

No sooner I my wound disclos'd,  
The guilt that tortur'd me within;  
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,  
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

True penitents shall thus succeed,  
Who seeks thee whilst thou may'st be found:  
And from the common deluge freed,  
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

P A R T II.

Thy favour Lord, in all distress  
My tow'r of refuge I must own;  
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,  
And me with songs of triumph crown.

In my instruction then confide,  
You that wou'd truth's safe paths descry;  
Your progress I'll securely guide,  
And keep you in my watchful eye.

Submit yourselves to wisdom's rules,  
Like men that reason have attain'd;  
Nor like th' ungovern'd horse and mule,  
Whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,  
The harden'd sinners shall confound;  
But them who in his truth confide,  
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

His saints that have perform'd his laws,  
Their life in triumph shall employ,  
Let them (as they alone have cause)  
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

**L**ET all the just to God with joy,  
Their chearful voices raise:  
For well the righteous it becomes,  
To sing glad songs of praise.

Let

20 P S A L M XXXIII. PART II.

Let harps and psalteries and lutes,  
In joyful concert meet ;  
And new made songs of loud applause,  
The harmony compleat.

For faithful is the Word of God,  
His works with truth abound,  
He justice loves, and all the earth  
Is with his goodness crown'd.

By his Almighty Word at first,  
Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd,  
And all the beauteous hosts of light,  
At his command appear'd.

The swelling floods together roll'd,  
He make in heaps to lie ;  
And lays, as in a storehouse safe,  
The wat'ry treasures by.

Let earth and all that dwell therein,  
Before him trembling stand :  
For when he spake the word, 'twas made,  
'Twas fix'd at his command.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
Shall stand for ever sure ;  
The settled purpose of his heart,  
To ages shall endure.

P A R T II.

How happy are those lands to whom  
The Lord for God is known ?  
Whom he from all the world besides,  
Has chosen for his own.

He all the nations of the earth,  
From heav'n his throne survey'd ;  
He sees their works, and views their thoughts,  
By him their hearts were made.

No



P S A L M XXXIV.

21

No king is safe by num'rous hosts,  
 Their strength the strong deceives  
 No manag'd horse by force or speed,  
 His warlike rider saves.

'Tis God, who those that trust in him,  
 Beholds with gracious eyes,  
 He frees their soul from death, their wants  
 In time of dearth supplies.

Our soul on God with patience waits,  
 Our help and shield is he ;  
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,  
 For we confide in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
 Do thou to us extend ;  
 Since we for all we want or wish  
 On thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

**T**HRO' all vicissitudes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still,  
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
 Till all that are distressed,  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
 With me exalt his name ;  
 When in distress to him I call'd,  
 He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around,  
 The dwellings of the just ;  
 Deliv'rance he affords to all,  
 Who on his succour trust.

O make

22 P S A L M XXXIV. PART II.

O make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide,  
How blest they are, and only they  
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him ye saints, and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear :  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

P A R T II.

Approach, ye piously dispos'd,  
And my instruction hear,  
I'll teach you the true discipline,  
Of his religious fear.

Let him who length of life desires,  
And prosp'rous would see.  
From stand'ring language keep his tongue,  
His lips from falshood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,  
And virtue's ways pursue ;  
Establish peace where 'tis begun,  
And where 'tis lost renew.

The Lord from heav'n beholds the just,  
With favourable eyes ;  
And when distress'd, his gracious ears,  
Is open to their cries.

But turns his wrathful look on those,  
Whom mercy can't reclaim,  
To cut them off, and from the earth,  
Blot out their hated name.

Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,  
When his relief they crave ;  
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,  
And contrite spirit save.

The

The wicked oft, but still in vain,  
 Against the just conspire ;  
 For under their affliction's weight,  
 He keeps their bones entire.

The wicked from their wicked arts  
 Their ruin shall derive ;  
 Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,  
 Shall them and theirs survive.

For God preserves the souls of those,  
 Who on his truth depend ;  
 To them and their posterity,  
 His blessings shall descend.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

**B**LEST Lord, thy mercy my sure hope,  
 The highest orb of heav'n transcend,  
 Thy sacred truths unmeasur'd scope  
 Beyond the spreading skies extend.

Thy justice like the hills remains,  
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are,  
 Thy providence the world sustains,  
 The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,  
 With what assurance should the just,  
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
 And saints to thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to thy court be led,  
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;  
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,  
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the springs of life remain,  
 Thy presence is eternal day :  
 O let thy saints thy favour gain,  
 To upright hearts thy truths display.

## I.

**T**H O' wicked men grow rich or great,  
 Yet let not their successful state,  
 Thy anger or thy envy raise;  
 For they, cut down like tender grass,  
 Or like young flow'rs, away shall pass,  
 Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

## 2.

Depend on God and him obey,  
 So thou within the land shalt stay,  
 Secure from danger and from want;  
 Make his commands thy chief delight,  
 And he, thy duty to requite,  
 Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

## 3.

In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,  
 And he will needful help afford;  
 To perfect ev'ry just design:  
 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,  
 Thy clouded innocence appear,  
 And as a mid-day sun to shine.

## II. I.

With quiet mind on God depend,  
 And patiently for him attend;  
 Nor let thy anger fondly rise,  
 Tho' wicked men with wealth abound,  
 And with success their plots are crown'd,  
 Which they maliciously devise.

## 2.

From anger cease and wrath forsake,  
 Let no ungovern'd passion make  
 Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime;  
 For God shall sinful men destroy,  
 Whilst only they the land enjoy,  
 Who trust on him, and wait his time.

How

3.

How soon shall wicked men decay !  
 Their place shall vanish quite away,  
 Nor by the strictest search be found :  
 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,  
 Rejoicing still with godly mirth,  
 With peace and plenty always crown'd.

## P A R T III. I.

When sinful crouds with false design,  
 Against the righteous few combine,  
 And proud insulting threat'ning stand;  
 God shall their empty boasts deride,  
 And laugh at their defeated pride,  
 He sees their ruin near at hand.

2.

A little with God's favour blest,  
 And by the righteous man possess,  
 The wealth of many bad excels :  
 For God supports the just man's cause,  
 But as for those who break his laws,  
 Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.

3.

His constant care the upright guides,  
 And over all their life presides,  
 Their portion shall for ever last :  
 They when distress o'erwhelms the earth,  
 Shall be unmov'd—and when in dearth,  
 The happy fruits of plenty taste.

## P A R T IV. I.

The good man's way is God's delight,  
 He orders all the steps aright,  
 Of him that moves by his command :  
 Tho' he sometimes may be distress'd,  
 Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,  
 For God upholds him with his hand.

D

From

## 2.

From my first youth till age prevail'd,  
 I never saw the righteous fail'd,  
 Or want o'ertake his num'rous race:  
 Because compassion fill'd his heart,  
 And he did chearfully impart,  
 God made his offspring's wealth increase.

## 3.

With caution shun each wicked deed,  
 In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,  
 And so prolong your happy days:  
 For God who judgment loves does still,  
 Preserve his saints secure from ill,  
 While soon the wicked race decays.

## P A R T V. I.

The upright shall possess the land,  
 His portion shall for ages stand,  
 His mouth with wisdom is supply'd:  
 His tongue by rules of judgment moves,  
 His heart the law of God approves,  
 Therefore his footsteps never slide.

## 2.

Observe the perfect man with care,  
 And mark all such as righteous are,  
 Their roughest days in peace shall end:  
 While on the latter end of those,  
 Who dare God's sacred will oppose,  
 A common ruin shall attend.

## 3.

God to the just will aid afford,  
 Their only safe-guard is the Lord,  
 Their strength in time of need is he:  
 Because on him they still depend,  
 The Lord will timely succour send,  
 And from the wicked set them free.



P S A L M XXXIX. [*Proper at Funerals.*]

**L** O R D, let me know my term of days,  
How soon my life will end ;  
The num'rous train of ills disclose,  
Which this frail state attend.

My life (thou know'st) is but a span,  
A cypher sums my years ;  
And every man in best estate,  
But vanity appear.

Why should I then on worthless toys,  
With anxious care attend ;  
On thee alone my stedfast hope  
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

For when thou chaf't'nest man for sin.  
'Thou mak'st his beauty fade,  
(So vain a thing is he) like cloth,  
By f'etting moths decay'd.

Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,  
And listen to my pray'r ;  
Who sojourn like a stranger here,  
As all my fathers were.

O spare me yet a little while,  
My wasted strength restore ;  
Before I vanish quite from hence,  
And shall be seen no more.

P S A L M XL.

**I** Waited meekly for the Lord,  
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;  
Who did his gracious ear afford,  
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

D 2 He

He took me from the dismal pit,  
 When founded deep in mirey clay,  
 On solid ground he plac'd my feet,  
 And suffer'd not my steps to stray.

The wonders he for me has wrought,  
 Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise,  
 And others to his worship brought,  
 To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

For blessings shall that man reward,  
 Who on th' almighty Lord relies;  
 Who treats the proud with disregard,  
 And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

None can the wond'rous works recount,  
 Which the great God for us hath wrought,  
 The treasures of his love surmount,  
 The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

## P S A L M XLI.

**H**APPY the man whose tender care,  
 Relieves the poor distrest,  
 When he's by troubles compass'd round,  
 The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,  
 In safety shall prolong;  
 And disappoint the will of those,  
 That seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate,  
 Opprest with sickness lie,  
 The Lord will easy make his bed,  
 And inward strength supply.

Secure of this, to thee, my God,  
 I thus my pray'r address'd;  
 Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,  
 Tho' I have much transgress'd;

P S A L M XLII, XLIII, XLV. 29

Thy tender care secure my life,  
 " From danger and disgrace,  
 " Still let me live, O gracious God,  
 " Before thy glorious face.

P S A L M XLII.

**A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
 When heated in the chace,  
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine;  
 O when shall I behold thy face,  
 Thou Majesty divine!

P S A L M XLIII.

**L**ET me with light and truth be blest,  
 Be these my guides to lead the way;  
 Till on thy holy hill I rest,  
 And in thy sacred temple pray.

Then will I there my anthems raise,  
 To God who is my only joy;  
 And well tun'd harps with songs of praise,  
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.

Why then cast down my soul, and why  
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?  
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

P S A L M XLV. [*Easter-Sunday.*]

**T**HY splendid throne, O Christ! is fix'd,  
 For ever to endure;  
 Thy scepter's sway, shall always last,  
 By righteous laws secure.

20 P S A L M XLVI, LI.

Because thy heart, by justice led,  
Did upright ways approve ;  
And hated still the crooked paths,  
Where wand'ring sinners rove.

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee,  
The oil of gladness shed ;  
And has above thy fellows round,  
Advanc'd thy lofty head.

P S A L M XLVI. (*In War.*)

**G**OD is our refuge in distress,  
A present help when dangers press ;  
In him undaunted we'll confide ;  
Tho' earth were from her center tost,  
And mountains in the ocean lost,  
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide !  
Submit to God's almighty sway,  
For him the heathen shall obey ;  
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:  
The God of hosts conducts our arms,  
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,  
As to our Father in distress.

P S A L M LI.

**H**AVE mercy Lord on me,  
As thou wert ever kind :  
Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.  
Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.  
Against thee only, Lord,  
And only in thy fight  
Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd,  
Must own thy judgments right.

P S A L M · LI, P A R T II. 31

In guilt each part was form'd,  
Of this my sinful frame ;  
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born  
The heir of sin and shame.

Yet thou, whose searching eye,  
Doth inward truth require ;  
In secret didst with wisdom's laws,  
My tender soul inspire.

P A R T II.

By grace renew me Lord,  
And so I clean shall be ;  
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,  
When purify'd by thee.

Make me to hear with joy,  
Thy kind forgiving voice ;  
That so the bones which thou hast broke,  
May with fresh strength rejoice.

Blot out my crying sins,  
Not me in anger view ;  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

Withdraw not thou thy help.  
Nor cast me from thy fight ;  
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives,  
Let me again obtain :  
And thy free Spirit's firm support,  
My fainting soul sustain.

So I thy righteous ways,  
To sinners will impart ;  
Whilst my advice shall wicked men,  
To thy just laws convert.

## P S A L M LVII.

**O** God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,  
 Its thankful tribute to present :  
 And with my heart, my voice, I'll raise,  
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake my glory, harp and lute,  
 No longer let your strings be mute :  
 And I, my tuneful part to take,  
 Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,  
 To all the list'ning nations round ;  
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,  
 Thy truth beyonds the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
 And as thy glory fills the sky !  
 So let it be on earth display'd,  
 'Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

## P S A L M LXII.

**M**Y soul on God alone relies,  
 From him alone my safety flows ;  
 My rock, my health, that strength supplies,  
 To bear the shock of all my foes.

God does his saving health dispense,  
 And flowing blessings daily send ;  
 He is my fortrefs and defence,  
 On him my soul shall still depend.

In him, ye people, always trust,  
 Before his throne pour out your hearts ;  
 For God the merciful and just,  
 His timely aid to us imparts.

Then trust not in oppressive ways,  
 By spoil and rapine grow not vain,  
 Nor let your hearts (if wealth increase)  
 Be set too much upon your gain.



For God has oft his will express'd,  
 And we this truth hath fully known;  
 To be of boundless pow'r possess'd,  
 Belongs of right to God alone.

Tho' mercy is his darling grace,  
 In which he chiefly takes delight;  
 Yet will he all the human race,  
 According to their works requite.

## P S A L M LXIII.

**O** God, my gracious God, to thee,  
 My morning pray'r shall offer'd be;  
 For thee my thirsting soul doth pant,  
 My fainting soul implores thy grace,  
 Within this dry and barren place,  
 Where I refreshing waters want.

2.

O to my longing eyes once more,  
 That view of glorious pow'r restore;  
 Which thy majestic house displays.  
 Because to me thy wond'rous love,  
 Than life itself does dearer prove,  
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3.

My life while I that life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ;  
 With lifted hands adore his name,  
 My soul's content shall be as great,  
 As theirs who choicest dainties eat;  
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4.

When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,  
 And when I wake in dead of night;  
 Because thou still dost succour bring,  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,  
 I rest with safety and delight.

34 P S A L M LXV. PART I.

**F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise,  
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;  
Our promis'd altars, there we'll raise,  
And all our zealous vows compleat.

O thou who to my humble pray'r,  
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,  
To thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain  
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;  
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
And wastest out the crimson dye.

Blest is the man who near thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred dwelling lives !  
Whilst we at greater distance taste  
The joys thy ordinances give.

P A R T II.

By wond'rous acts, O God most just,  
Have we thy gracious goodness found,  
In the remotest nations trust,  
And those whom stormy waves surround.

Thou, by thy pow'r fet fast the hills,  
And does his matchless pow'r engage,  
With which the seas loud waves he stills  
And angry crowds tumultuous rage.

From out thy unexhausted store,  
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,  
Makes lands that barren were before,  
With corn and useful fruits abound.

On rising ridges down it pours,  
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills :  
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs  
In which a blest increase distils

Thy

P S A L M LXVI.

35

Thy goodness does the circling year  
 With fresh return of plenty crown :  
 And where thy glorious paths appear,  
 Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.  
 They drop on barren forests, chang'd,  
 By them to pasture fresh and green ;  
 The hills about in order rang'd,  
 In beaut'ous robes of joy are seen.  
 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn,  
 The chearful downs ; the valleys bring,  
 A pleasant crop of full ear'd corn,  
 And seem for joy to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

**L**ET all the land with shouts of joy,  
 To God their voices raise ;  
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,  
 And spread his glorious praise.  
 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,  
 In all thy works art thou :  
 To thy great pow'r, thy stubborn foes,  
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.  
 Thro' all the earth the nations round,  
 Shall thee their God confess ;  
 And with glad hymns their awful dread,  
 Of thy great name express.  
 O come, behold the works of God,  
 And then, with me you'll own,  
 That he to all the sons of men  
 Has wond'rous mercies shown.  
 He by his pow'r for ever rules,  
 His eyes the world survey ;  
 Let no presumptuous man rebel  
 Against his sov'reign sway.

PART

36 P S A L M LXVI. PART II.

P A R T II.

O all ye nations bless the Lord,  
And loudly speak his praise ;  
Who keeps our souls alive, and still  
Confirms our stedfast ways.

My off'rings to his house I'll bring,  
And there my vows will pay,  
Which I with solemn zeal did make  
In trouble's dismal day.

For God did to my humble cry  
With tender love attend ;  
And to the voice of my request  
His gracious audience bend.

Then bless'd for ever be my God,  
Who never, when I pray,  
With-holds his mercy from my soul,  
Nor turn his face away.

P S A L M LXVII.

**T**O bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face,  
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous ways,  
May thro' the world be known ;  
Whil'st distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join,  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, conspire  
To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,  
With joy and precious mirth,  
For thou, the righteous judge and king,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

Let

Let diff'ring nations join,  
 To celebrate thy fame :  
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine,  
 To praise thy glorious name.

Then shall the teeming ground,  
 A large increase disclose ;  
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd,  
 Which God, our God bestows.

Then God upon our land,  
 Shall constant blessings show'r ;  
 And all the world in awe shall stand  
 Of his resitless pow'r.

## P S A L M LXVIII.

**T**O God your voice in praises raise,  
 Jehovah's awful name he bears,  
 In him rejoice, extoll his praise,  
 Who rides upon high rolling spheres.

Him from the empire of the skies,  
 To this low world compassion draws ;  
 The orphan's claim to patronize,  
 And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

'Tis God who from a foreign soil,  
 Restores poor exiles to their home ;  
 Makes captives free, and fruitless toil,  
 Their proud oppressors righteous doom.

Where savages did range before,  
 At ease thou mak'st us now reside ;  
 And in the desert for the poor  
 Thy gen'rous bounty dost provide.

## P A R T II.

For benefits each day bestow'd,  
 Be daily his great name ador'd,  
 Who is our Saviour and our God ;  
 Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

E

Be

Be this the burden of your song,  
 " In full assemblies bless the Lord,  
 " All who to Isr'el's tribes belong,  
 " The God of Isr'el's praise record."

Ye scatter'd kingdoms of the earth,  
 Your common sovereign's praises sing;  
 Ye *Poles*, your hands to God stretch forth,  
 Asia, and Afric, homage bring.

To him who on the lofty spheres,  
 Of glorious heav'n sublimely rides;  
 From whence his dreadful voice we hear,  
 Like that of warning winds and tides.

Ascribe ye pow'rs to God most high,  
 Of humble Isr'el he takes care;  
 Whose strength from out the dusky sky,  
 Darts shining terrors thro' the air.

How awful are the sacred courts,  
 Where God has fix'd his earthly throne!  
 His strength his feeble saints supports,  
 To God give praise, and him alone.

## P S A L M LXXI.

**I**N thee, I put my stedfast trust,  
 Defend me Lord, from shame;  
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul,  
 For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my strong abiding place,  
 To which I may resort,  
 Thy goodness 'tis that keeps me safe,  
 Thou art my rock and fort.

Thy constant care did safely guard,  
 My tender infant days;  
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,  
 To sing thy constant praise.



PSALM LXXI, LXXII.

39

Reject not then thy servant Lord,  
When I with age decay;  
Forfake me not, when worn with years,  
My vigour fades away.

PART II.

While God vouchsafes me his support,  
I'll in his strength go on;  
All other righteousness disclaim,  
And mention his alone.

His righteous acts and saving health,  
My mouth shall still declare;  
Unable yet to count them all,  
Tho' summ'd with utmost care.

Thou, Lord, that taught me from my youth,  
To praise thy glorious name;  
And ever since thy wond'rous works  
Have been my constant theme.

How high thy justice soars, O God!  
How great and wond'rous are  
The mighty works which thou hast done!  
Who may with thee compare?

Thy praise shall fill my mouth and song,  
Employ my chearful voice;  
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,  
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

PSALM LXXII.

**T**HE mem'ry of Christ's glorious name,  
Thrice endless years shall run;  
His spotless fame shall shine as bright,  
And lasting as the sun.

In him the nations of the world,  
Shall be completely blest;  
And his unbounded happiness;  
By ev'ry tongue confest.

E 2

Then

40 P S A L M LXXIII, LXXIV.

Then blest'd be God, the mighty Lord,  
The God whom Isr'el fears :  
Who only wond'rous in his works,  
Beyond compare appears.

Let earth be with his glory fill'd,  
For ever blest his name.  
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world  
Their glad assent proclaim.

P S A L M LXXIII.

**T**HY goodness hast my wants supply'd,  
Thy right hand, Lord, assistance gave :  
My steps by heav'nly counsel guide,  
And then to glory me receive.

For whom in heav'n but thee alone,  
Have I whose favour I require ?  
Thro'out the spacious earth there's none,  
That I besides thee can desire.

My trembling flesh, and aking heart,  
May often fail to succour me ;  
But thou wilt inward strength impart,  
And my eternal portion be.

P S A L M LXXIV.

**L**ORD, never over us permit,  
Our native foes to boast :  
Nor let the honour of thy name,  
Among us e'er be lost.

Thou heretofore with kingly pow'r,  
In our defence hast fought  
For us, throughout the wand'ring world  
Hast great salvation wrought.

Thine is the chearful day, and thine  
The black return of night :

Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,  
And ev'ry feeble light.

By

P S A L M LXXVII LXXXI.

41

By thee the borders of the earth,  
In perfect order stand;  
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,  
Attend on thy command.

P S A L M LXXVII.

I'LL call to mind thy works of old,  
The wonders of thy might;  
On them my heart shall meditate,  
My tongue shall them recite.  
Safe lodg'd from human search on high,  
O God, thy counsels are!  
Who is so great a God as ours?  
Who can with him compare?  
Long since, a God of wonders, thou,  
Thy rescu'd people found;  
Long since hast thou thy chosen seed  
With strong deliv'rance crown'd.  
When thou, O God, the waters saw,  
The frightened billows shrunk;  
The troubled depth, themselves for fear,  
Beneath their channels sunk.  
Thro' rolling streams thou find'st thy way,  
Thy paths in waters lie;  
Thy wond'rous passage, where no fight  
Thy footsteps can descry.

P S A L M LXXXI.

TO God our never failing strength,  
With loud applauses sing;  
And jointly make a chearful noise,  
To Jacob's awful King.  
Compose a hymn of praise, and touch,  
Your instruments of joy;  
Let psalteries and pleasant harps,  
Your grateful skill employ.

E 3

Let

42 P S A L M LXXXI, PART II.

Let trumpets at the great new moon,  
Their joyful voices raise,  
To celebrate th' appointed time,  
The solemn day of praise

For this a statute was of old,  
Which Jacob's God decreed,  
To be with pious care observ'd,  
By Isr'el's chosen seed.

P A R T II.

" Your burthen'd shoulders I reliev'd,  
(Thus seems our God to say,)  
Your servile hands by me were freed,  
From lab'ring in the clay.

" Your ancestors with wrongs oppress'd,  
To me for aid did call ;  
With pity I their suff'rings saw,  
And set them free from all."

" O! that that my people wisely would,  
My just commandments heed ;  
And Isr'el in my righteous ways,  
With pious care proceed.

" Then should my heavy judgments fall  
On all that them oppose ;  
And my avenging hand be turn'd,  
Against their num'rous foes.

" Their enemies and mine should all,  
Before my footstool end ;  
But as for them, their happy state,  
Shall never know an end.

" All parts with plenty should abound,  
With finest wheat their field ;  
The barren rocks to please their taste  
Should richest honey yield."

PSALM LXXXIV. PART I. II. 43

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord!  
How lovely is the place,  
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st  
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire,  
To view thy blest abode;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out,  
For thee the living God!

O Lord of hosts, my king and God!  
How highly blest are they,  
Who in thy temple always dwell,  
And there thy praise display?

Thrice happy they whose choice has thee  
Their sure protection made;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways,  
That to thy dwelling lead!

PART II.

O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,  
My humble suit regard,  
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r  
Before thy throne be heard.

For in thy courts one single day,  
'Tis better to attend,  
Than, Lord, in any place besides,  
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I  
The meanest office take,  
Than in the wealthy tents of sin,  
My pompous dwelling make.

For God, who is our sun and shield,  
Will grace and glory give;  
And no good thing will he withhold  
From them that justly live.

Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How highly blest is he,  
Whose hope and trust securely plac'd,  
Is still repos'd on thee!

P S A L M

44 PSALM LXXXVI. PART I. II.

PART I.

**T**O my complaint, O Lord my God  
 Thy gracious ear incline;  
 Hear me, distressed and destitute  
 Of all relief but thine.  
 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,  
 That does thy name adore;  
 Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust,  
 Relies on thee, restore.  
 To me, who daily thee invoke,  
 Thy mercy, Lord, extend;  
 Refresh thy servant's soul whose hopes  
 On thee alone depend.  
 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,  
 But prompt to pardon too;  
 Of plenteous mercy to all those,  
 Who for thy mercy sue.

PART II.

To my repeated humble pray'r,  
 O Lord, attentive be;  
 When troubled, I on thee will call,  
 O hear, and answer me.  
 Among the God's, there's none like thee,  
 O Lord, alone divine!  
 To thee, as much inferior they  
 As are their works to thine.  
 Therefore their great Creator, thee  
 The nations shall adore;  
 Their long misguided pray'rs and praise,  
 To thy blest name restore.  
 All shall confess thee great, and great  
 The wonders thou hast done:  
 Confess thee God, the God supreme!  
 Confess thee God alone.

PART



## P A R T III.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I  
 From truth shall ne'er depart :  
 In rev'rence to thy sacred name,  
 Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,  
 Praise thee with heart sincere ;  
 And to thy everlasting name,  
 Eternal trophies rear.

Thy boundless mercy shewn to me,  
 'Transcends my pow'r to tell ;  
 For thou, my Saviour, hast redeem'd  
 My precious soul from hell.

Thy goodness to my troubled mind,  
 Didst oft assistance bring ;  
 Of patience, mercy, and of truth,  
 Thou everlasting spring.

O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength ;  
 To me thy servant show ;  
 Thy loving kindness still on me,  
 O blessed God bestow.

## P S A L M LXXXIX.

**F**OR Christ's stupendious truth and love,  
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,  
 By choirs of angels sung above,  
 And by assembled saints below.

What seraph of celestial birth,  
 To vie with Emmanuel shall dare ?  
 Or who among the Gods of earth,  
 With our Almighty Lord compare.

With rev'rence and religious dread,  
 His saints should to his temple press ;  
 His fear thro' all their hearts should spread,  
 Who his Almighty name confess.

46 PSALM LXXXIX. PART II.

PART II.

Lord God of armies, who can boast,  
Of strength or pow'r like thine, renown'd ?  
Of such a num'rous faithful host,  
As that which does thy throne surround !

Thou dost the lawless sea controul,  
And change the prospect of the deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

In thee the sov'reign right remains,  
Of earth and heav'n ; thee, Lord, alone ;  
The world and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.

The poles on which the globe does rest,  
Were form'd by thy creating voice ;  
*Tabor* and *Hermon*, east and west,  
In thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.

Thy arm is mighty strong thy hand,  
Yet Lord, thou dost with justice reign ;  
Possess of absolute command,  
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear  
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound :  
Who may at festivals appear,  
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

Thy saints shall always be o'joy'd,  
Who on thy sacred name rely :  
And in thy righteousness employ'd,  
Above their foes be rais'd on high.

For in thy strength they shall advance,  
Whose conquests from thy favour spring :  
The Lord of hosts is our defence,  
And *Isr'el's* God, our *Isr'el's* king.

PSALM

PSALM XC, PART I, II. 47

PART I.

**O** LORD, the Saviour and defence,  
Of us thy chosen race;  
From age to age thou still hast been,  
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,  
Or th' earth and world did'st frame;  
Thou always wert the mighty God,  
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,  
Of which he first was made;  
And when thou speak'st the word, return,  
'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in thy sight a thousand years,  
Are like a day that's past;  
Or like a watch in dead of night,  
Whose hours unminded waste.

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,  
We vanish hence like dreams;  
At first we grow like grass that feels  
The sun's reviving beams.

But howsoever fresh and fair,  
Its morning beauty shows;  
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,  
Before the ev'ning close.

PART II.

We by thine anger are consum'd,  
And by thy wrath dismay'd;  
Our public crimes and secret sins,  
Before thy sight are laid.

Beneath thy anger's sad effects,  
Our drooping days we spend;  
Our unregarded years break off,  
Like tales that quickly end.

Our

Our term of time is seventy years,  
 An age that few survive;  
 But if, with more than common strength,  
 So lightly we arrive.

Yet then our boasted strength decays,  
 To sorrow turn'd, and pain;  
 So soon the slender thread is cut,  
 And we no more remain.

## P A R T III.

But who thy anger's dread effects,  
 Does as he ought revere?  
 And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,  
 As more or less we fear.

Then teach us Lord, th' uncertain sum  
 Of our short days to mind;  
 That to true wisdom all our hearts,  
 May ever be inclin'd.

O! to thy servants, Lord, return,  
 And speedily relent;  
 As we of our misdeeds, do thou,  
 Of our just doom repent.

To satisfy and cheer our souls,  
 Thy gracious mercy send;  
 That we may all our days to come,  
 In joy and comfort spend.

## P S A L M XCII,

**H**OW good and pleasant must it be,  
 To thank the Lord most high;  
 And with repeated hymns of praise,  
 His name to magnify.

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,  
 His goodness to relate;  
 And of his constant truth each night,  
 The glad effects repeat.

To ten string'd instruments we'll sing,  
 With tuneful psaltries join'd ;  
 And to the harp with solemn sound,  
 For sacred use design'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,  
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;  
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
 And shout with chearful voice.

## P A R T II.

How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord,  
 How deep are thy decrees !  
 Whose winding tracts in secret laid,  
 No stupid sinners sees.

He little thinks when wicked men,  
 Like grass look fresh and gay ;  
 How soon their short liv'd splendour must,  
 For ever pass away.

While righteous men like fruitful palms,  
 Shall make a glorious shew ;  
 As cedars that on Lebanon  
 In stately order grow.

Then planted in the house of God,  
 Within his court shall thrive ;  
 Their vigour and their lustre both,  
 Shall e'en in age revive.

Thus will the Lord his justice shew,  
 And God, my strong defence ;  
 Shall due rewards to all the world,  
 Impartially dispense.

## P S A L M XCIII.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
 The Lord that o'er all nations reigns,  
 The world's foundation strongly laid,  
 And the vast fabric still sustains

F

How

50 P S A L M XCIV, P A R T I, II.

How sure establish'd is thy throne !

Which shall no change or period see ;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high ;  
But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;  
And they that in thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M XCIV.

**A**T length, ye stupid fools, your wants,  
Endeavour to discern :  
In folly will ye still proceed,  
And wisdom never learn ?

Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,  
Or blind who fram'd the eye ?  
Shall earth's great judge not punish those  
Who his known will defy ?

He fathoms all the thoughts of men,  
To him their hearts lie bare ;  
His eye surveys them all, and sees,  
How vain their counsels are.

P A R T II.

Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord,  
In kindness dost chastise ;  
And by thy sacred rules to walk,  
Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest, and safety find,  
In seasons of distress ;  
While God prepares a pit for those  
That stubbornly transgress.

For



P S A L M XCIV, XCV.

51

For God will never from his saints,  
His favour wholly take ;  
His own possession, and his lot,  
He never will forsake.

The world shall then confess thee just,  
In all that thou hast done ;  
And those that chuse thy upright ways,  
Shall in those paths go on.

P A R T III.

Wilt thou, who art a God most just,  
Their wicked sway sustain ;  
Who make the law a fair pretence,  
Unrighteous ends to gain ?  
Against the properties of men,  
They form their close design ;  
The poor and orphan to o'er reach,  
In solemn league combine.

The Lord shall cause their ill designs,  
On their own heads to fall ;  
He in their sins shall cut them off,  
Our God shall slay them all.

My sure defence is firmly plac'd,  
On God the Lord most high :  
He is my rock to which I may,  
For refuge always fly.

P S A L M XCV.

**O** Come, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty king .  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favour past :  
To him address in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs.

F 2

For

52 P S A L M XCV, XCVI.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is with unrival'd glory great;  
A king superiour far to all  
Whom kings on earth we mortals call.

The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command :  
The strength of hills, that threat the sky,  
Subjected to his empire lie.

The rolling ocean's vast abyfs  
By the same sovereign right is his :  
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,  
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there :  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

For he's our God, our shepherd he,  
His flock and pasture sheep are we :  
Then let us (like his flock) draw near,  
His gospel's sacred truth to hear.

P S A L M XCVI.

**S**ING to the Lord a new made song :  
Let earth in one assembled throng,  
Her common patron's praise resound,  
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name.  
From day to day his praise proclaim,  
Who us hath with salvation crown'd,  
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,  
His wonders to the universe.

2.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd,  
In majesty and glory rais'd ;  
Above all other deities,  
For pagantry and idols all,  
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call :  
He only rules who made the skies,  
With majesty and honour crown'd,  
Beauty and strength his throne surround.

Be

3.

Be therefore both to him restor'd,  
 By you who have false gods ador'd;  
 Ascribe due honour to his name:  
 Peace-offerings on his altars lay,  
 Before his throne your homage pay,  
 Which he, and he alone can claim:  
 To worship at his sacred court,  
 Let all the trembling world resort.

## PART II. 4.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,  
 Whose pow'r the universe sustains,  
 And banish'd justice will restore.  
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,  
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express,  
 His loud applause the ocean roar,  
 His mute inhabitants rejoice,  
 And for this triumph find a voice.

5.

For joy, let fertile vallies ring,  
 The chearful groves their tribute-bring;  
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,  
 The Lords approach to celebrate;  
 Whoe'er sets out with a awful state,  
 His circuit thro' the earth to take;  
 From heav'n to judge the world he's come,  
 With justice to reward and doom.

## P S A L M XCVII.

**J**EHOVAH reign, let all the earth,  
 In his just government rejoice:  
 Let all the isle, with sacred mirth,  
 In his applause unite their voice.  
 Darkness and clouds of awful shade,  
 His dazzling glory shroud in state;  
 Justice and truth his guards are made,  
 And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

Thou art, O God, exalted high,  
 Above earth's potentates enthron'd ;  
 Thou Lord, unrival'd in the sky,  
 Supreme by heav'nly hosts are own'd.

You, who to serve this Lord aspire,  
 Abhor what ill and truth esteem,  
 He'll keep his servants souls entire,  
 And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,  
 A future harvest for the just ;  
 And gladness for the heart that's right,  
 To recompence his pious trust.

Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord,  
 Memorials of his holiness ;  
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,  
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

## P S A L M XCVIII.

**S**ING to the Lord a new-made song,  
 Who wondrous things has done :  
 With his right-hand and holy arm,  
 The conquest he has won.

Th' Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world  
 Display'd his saving might,  
 And made his righteous acts appear,  
 In all the heathens fight.

Of Is'el's house his love and truth,  
 Have ever mindful been ;  
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r  
 Of Is'el's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants,  
 Their chearful voices raise ;  
 And all with universal joy,  
 Resound their maker's praise.

Let the loud ocean roar his joy,  
 With all that seas contain :  
 The earth and her inhabitants,  
 Join concert with the main.  
 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,  
 To spreading torrents they ;  
 And ecchoing vales from hill to hill,  
 Redoubled shouts convey.  
 To welcome down the world's great judge,  
 Who will with justice come ;  
 Cloath'd with impartial equity,  
 Both to reward and doom.

## P S A L M XCIX.

**J**EHOVAH reigns, let therefore all  
 the guilty nations quake ;  
 On cherubs wings he sits enthron'd,  
 Let earth's foundation shake.  
 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,  
 His palace makes her tow'rs ;  
 Yet thence his sov'reignty extends,  
 Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.  
 Let therefore all with praise address,  
 His great and dreadful name ;  
 And with his unresisted might,  
 His holiness proclaim.  
 For truth and justice in his reign,  
 Of strength and pow'r take place :  
 His judgments are with righteousness,  
 Dispens'd to Jacob's race.

## P S A L M C.

**W**ITH one consent let all the earth,  
 To God their chearful voices raise ;  
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
 And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
 From whom both we and all proceed ;  
 We, whom he chuses for his own,  
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,  
 Thence to his court, devoutly press,  
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
 And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord supremely good,  
 His mercy is for ever sure :  
 His trust which always firmly stood,  
 To endless ages shall endure.

## P S A L M CII.

**W**HEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,  
 Do thou, O Lord attend ;  
 To thy eternal throne of grace,  
 Let my sad cry ascend.

My days just hast'ning to their end,  
 Are like an ev'ning shade ;  
 My beauty does like wither'd grass,  
 With waning lustre fade.

But thy eternal state, O Lord,  
 No length of time shall waste :  
 The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works,  
 From age to age shall last.

The strong foundations of the earth,  
 Of old by thee were laid ;  
 Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n,  
 With wond'rous skill hast made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,  
 They soon shall pass away ;  
 And like a garment often worn,  
 Shall tarnish and decay.

Like



Like that when thou ordain'st their change,  
 To thy command they bend :  
 But thou continu'st still the same,  
 Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of thy faints,  
 Shall lasting quiet give ;  
 Whose happy race securely fixt  
 Shall in thy presence live.

## P S A L M CIII.

**M**Y soul inspir'd with sacred love,  
 God's holy name for ever bless :  
 Of all his favours mindful prove,  
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,  
 And after sickness makes thee sound :  
 From danger he thy life retrieves,  
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd:

He with good things thy mouth supplies,  
 Thy vigour, eagle like, renews ;  
 He, when the guiltless suff'rer cries,  
 His foe with just revenge pursues.

God made of old his righteous ways,  
 To Moses and our father's known :  
 His works to his eternal praise,  
 Were to the sons of Jacob shewn.

## P A R T II.

The Lord abounds with tender love,  
 And unexampled acts of grace ;  
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,  
 His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always harshly chide,  
 But with his anger quickly parts :  
 And loves his punishments to guide,  
 More by his love than our deserts.

As high as heav'n its arch extends,  
 Above this little spot of clay,  
 So much his boundless love transcends,  
 The small respects that we can pay.

## P A R T III.

For God, who all our frame surveys,  
 Considers that we are but clay :  
 How fresh soe'er we seem, our days,  
 Like grass or flow'rs must fade away.  
 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts,  
 Nor can we find their former place,  
 God's faithful mercy ever lasts,  
 To those that fear him, and their race.

This shall attend on such as still,  
 Proceed in his appointed way :  
 And who not only know his will,  
 But to it just obedience pay.

P A R T IV. (*For Michaelmas Day.*)

The Lord the universal king,  
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne ;  
 To him, ye angels praises sing,  
 In whose great strength his pow'r is shewn.  
 Ye that his just commands obey,  
 And hear and do his sacred will ;  
 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,  
 Who still what he ordains fulfill.  
 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless,  
 The mighty Lord ; and thou my heart  
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,  
 And in this concert bear thy part.

## P S A L M CIV.

**B**LESS God my soul ! thou, Lord, alone,  
 Possessest empire without bound :  
 With honour thou art crown'd---thy throne,  
 Beauty and majesty surround.

P S A L M, CIV. DIVISION II. 59

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
And glory for a garment take :  
Heav'n's curtains stretch'd, beyond the globe,  
This canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms,  
His palace chambers in the skies ;  
The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
The swift wing'd steeds on which he flies.

As bright as flame, and swift as wind,  
His ministers heav'n's palace fill :  
To have their fundry tasks assign'd,  
All proud to serve their sov'reign's will.

D I V I S I O N II.

This earth: God on its center set,  
Her face with waters overspread.  
Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet,  
To lift above the waves their head.

By secret tracts, streams up them creep,  
And gushing from their rocky side ;  
Thro' valleys travel to the deep,  
Appointed to receive their tide.

There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,  
The threat'ning surges to repel :  
That they no more o'er pass their mounds,  
Nor to a second deluge swell.

Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,  
The sea recovers her lost hills ;  
And starting springs, from ev'ry lawn,  
Surprize the vales with plenteous rills.

The fields tame beasts, are thither led,  
Weary with labour, faint with drought :  
And asses on wild mountains bred,  
Have sense to find these currents out.

Their

60 PSALM, CIV. DIVISION III, IV.

Their shady trees from scorching beams,  
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng :  
They drink, and to the bounteous streams,  
Return the tribute of their song.

DIVISION III.

God's rains from Heav'n, parch'd hills recruit,  
That soon transmit the liquid store :  
Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,  
And nature's lap can hold no more.

Grass for our cattle to devour,  
He makes the growth of ev'ry field .  
Herb for man's use, of various pow'r,  
That either food or physic yield.

With cluster'd grapes, he crowns the vine,  
To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares ;  
Gives oil that makes his face to shine,  
And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

O then, that all the earth with me,  
Would God for this his goodness praise ;  
And for the mighty works which he,  
'I throughout this lower world displays.

DIVISION IV.

The trees of God, without the care,  
Or art of man with sap are fed ;  
The mountain-cedar looks as fair,  
As those in royal gardens bred.

Safe in the lofty cedar's arms,  
The wond'ers of the air may rest :  
The hospitable *pine* from harms  
Protects the *stork*, her pious guest.

Wild goats the craggy rocks ascend,  
Their heights, their fortresses they make ;  
Their cells in labyrinths extend,  
Where feeble creatures refuge take.

PSALM CIV, DIVISION V. 61

The moon's inconstant aspect shews,  
Th' appointed seasons of the year;  
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,  
His hours to rise and disappear.

Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,  
When forest beasts securely stray;  
Young lions roar their wants aloud,  
To providence that sends them prey.

They range all night, on slaughter bent,  
Till summon'd by the rising morn;  
To skulk in dens, with one consent,  
The conscious ravagers return.

Forth to the tillage of his soil,  
The husband-man securely goes;  
Commencing with the sun his toil,  
With him returns to his repose.

How various, Lord, thy works are found,  
For which thy wisdom we adore;  
The earth is with thy riches crown'd,  
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

DIVISION V.

Great God! the vast unfathom'd main,  
Of wonders, a vast scene supplies;  
Whose depths inhabitants contain,  
Of various forms and ev'ry size.

Full freighted ships from ev'ry port,  
There cut their unmolested way;  
*Leviathan*, whom there to sport  
Thou mad'st, his compass there to play.

The various troops of sea and land,  
In sense of common wants agree;  
All wait on thy dispensing hand,  
And have their daily alms from thee.

62 P S A L M CIV. DIVISION VI.

They gather what thy stores disperse,  
Without their trouble to provide ;  
Thou op'ft thy hand, the univerfe,  
The craving world is all supply'd.

D I V I S I O N VI.

Thou for a moment hid'ft thy face,  
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn :  
Thou tak'ft their breath, all nature's race,  
Forth with to mother earth return.

Again thou fend'ft thy spirit forth,  
To inspire the mafs with vital feed :  
Nature's reftor'd, and parent-earth,  
Smiles on her new created breed.

Thus thro' fucceffive ages ftands,  
Firm fixt, thy providential care ;  
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,  
Thou doft the wafte of time repair.

One look of thine,--- one wrathful look,  
Earth's panting breast with terror fills ;  
One touch from thee, with clouds of fmoke,  
In darknefs fhrouds the proudeft hills.

In praifing God while he prolongs,  
My breath, I will that breath employ ;  
And join devotion to my fongs,  
Sincere, as is in him my joy.

While finners from earth's face are hurl'd,  
My foul, praife thou his holy name ;  
Till with thy fong, the lift'ning world,  
Join concert, and his praife proclaim.

P S A L M CV.

**O** Render thanks, and blefs the Lord,  
Invoke his facred name :  
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
His matchlefs deeds proclaim.

Sing



Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,  
 His wond'rous works rehearse :  
 Make them the theme of your discourse,  
 And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,  
 Alone to be ador'd ;  
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,  
 That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord--his saving strength,  
 Devoutly still implore :  
 And, where he's ever present, seek,  
 His face for evermore.

The wonders that his hands have wrought,  
 Keep thankfully in mind ;  
 The righteous statutes of his mouth,  
 And laws to us assign'd.

## P S A L M C VI.

**O** Render thanks to God above,  
 The fountain of eternal love ;  
 Whose mercy firm thro' ages past,  
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,  
 Not only vast, but numberless ?  
 What mortal eloquence can raise,  
 His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,  
 Who from thy judgments never stray :  
 Who knows what's right, not only so  
 But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;  
 When thou return'st to set them free,  
 Let thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove, to see,  
Thy saints in full prosperity ;  
That I the joyful choir may join,  
And count thy people's triumph mine.

## P S A L M CVIII.

O God, my heart is fully bent,  
To magnify thy name :  
My tongue with chearful songs of praise,  
Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute !---nor thou, my harp,  
Thy warbling notes delay ;  
Whilst I with early hymns of joy,  
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,  
Thy wonders I will tell ;  
And to those nations sing thy praise,  
That round about us dwell.

Because thy mercy's boundless height,  
The highest heav'n transcends ;  
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds,  
Thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high,  
Above the starry frame ;  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess thy glorious name.

P S A L M CX. (*Ascension-Day.*)

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,  
" Till I thy foes thy foot-stool make,  
" Sit thou in state at my right-hand ;  
" Supream in Sion, thou shalt be  
" And all thy weak opposers see,  
" Subjected to thy just command.

" Thee,

" Thee, in thy pow'rs triumphant day,  
 " The willing nations shall obey,  
 " And when thy rising beams they view,  
 " Shall all (redeem'd from error's night,)  
 " Appear as numberless and bright,  
 " As chrystal drops of morning dew."

The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
 That like Melchisedeck's, thy reign,  
 And priesthood shall no period see :  
 No proud competitor to fit,  
 At thy right-hand will he permit,  
 But in his wrath, crown'd heads o'erthrow.

## P S A L M CXI.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, our God to praise,  
 My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise ;  
 With private friends—and in the throng  
 Of saints his praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness, tho' renown'd,  
 His wond'rous works with ease are found ;  
 By those who seek for them aright,  
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,  
 And universal glory claim :  
 His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past,  
 Shall to eternal ages last.

By precept he hath us enjoyn'd,  
 To keep his wond'rous works in mind ;  
 And to posterity record,  
 That good and gracious is our Lord.

Just are the dealings of his hands,  
 Immutable are his commands ;  
 By truth and equity sustain'd,  
 And for eternal rules ordain'd.

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,  
Must with the fear of God begin:  
Immortal praise, and heav'nly skill,  
Have they who know and do his will.

## P S A L M CXII.

**T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe  
Of God, and love's his sacred law:  
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,  
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house, the seat of wealth shall be,  
An inexhausted treasury;  
His justice free from all decay,  
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's filled with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night;  
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,  
As well as just to all mankind.

His lib'ral favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends:  
Yet what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;  
The sweet rememb'rance of the just,  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Ill tidings never can surprize,  
His heart, that's fix'd, on God relies;  
In safety's rock, he sits and sees,  
The ship-wreck of his enemies.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,  
His glory's picture harvest sow'd:  
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,  
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

P S A L M

## P S A L M CXIII.

**Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,  
 The triumphs of his name record,  
 His sacred name for ever bless :  
 Where'er the circling sun displays,  
 His rising beams or setting rays,  
 Due praise to his great name address.

God, thro' the world extends his sway,  
 The regions of eternal day,  
 But shadows of his glory are,  
 To him, whose majesty excels,  
 Who made the heav'n wherein he dwells,  
 Let no created pow'r compare.

Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view,  
 In highest heav'n what angels do,  
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;  
 He takes the needy from his cell,  
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
 Companion to the greatest there.

When childless families despair,  
 He sends the blessing of an heir,  
 To rescue their expiring name :  
 Makes her that barren was to bear,  
 And joyfully her fruit to rear,  
 O then exalt his matchless fame.

## P S A L M CXIV.

**W**HEN Isr'el by th' Almighty led,  
 (Enrich'd with this oppressor's spoil,)  
 From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed,  
 From bondage in a foreign soil.

Jehovah, for his residence,  
 Chose out imperial Judah's tent ;  
 His mansion-royal—and from thence,  
 Thro' Isr'el's camp his orders sent,

The

The distant sea with terror saw,  
And from th' Almighty's presence fled :  
Old Jordan's streams surpriz'd with awe,  
Retreated to their fountain's-head.

The taller mountains skipp'd like rams,  
When danger near the fold they hear ;  
The hills skipp'd after them, like lambs,  
Affrighted by their leader's fear.

O sea, what made your tide withdraw,  
And naked leave your ouzy bed ;  
Why Jordan, against nature's law,  
Recoil'd thou to thy fountain's head ?

Why, mountains, did ye skip like rams,  
When danger does approach the fold ?  
Why after you the hills like lambs,  
When they their leader's flight behold ?

Earth, tremble on ;--well may'st thou fear,  
Thy Lord and maker's face to see :  
When Jacob's awful God draws near,  
'Tis times for earth and sea to flee.

To flee from God, who nature's law,  
Confirms and cancels at his will :  
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw  
And thirsty vales with water fill.

## P S A L M CXV.

**O** Isr'el; make the Lord your trust,  
Who is your help and shield ;  
Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,  
Who only help can yield.

Let all, who truly fear the Lord,  
On him they fear, rely ;  
Who them in danger can defend,  
And all thy wants supply.



P S A L M CXVI.

69

Of us he oft has mindful been,  
And Isr'el's house will blefs ;  
Priests, levites, profelytes, ev'n all,  
Who his great name confefs.

On you, and on your heirs, he will,  
Increase of blessings bring ;  
Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are,  
Of this almighty king.

Heav'ns highest orb of glory, he,  
His empire's seat design'd ;  
And gave this lower globe of earth,  
A portion to mankind.

They who in death and silence sleep,  
To him no praise afford ;  
But we will blefs for evermore,  
Our ever living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI.

**M**Y soul with grateful thoughts of love,  
Entirely is possess'd ;  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
The voice of my request.

Since he has now his ear inclin'd,  
I never will despair ;  
But still in all the straits of life,  
To him address my pray'r.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd,  
My dangers and my fears ;  
My feet from falling he secur'd,  
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

Then free from pensive cares, my soul,  
Resume thy wonted rest ;  
For God has wond'rously to thee,  
His bounteous love express'd.

By

70 PSALM CVI. PART II.

By various ties, O Lord, must I  
To thy dominion bow ;  
'Thy humble hand-maid's son, before,  
Thy ransom'd captive now !

PART II.

With deadly sorrows compass'd round,  
With pains of hell oppress'd ;  
When anguish seiz'd my aching heart,  
And sorrow rack'd my breast.

On God Almighty's name I call'd,  
And thus to him I pray'd ;  
" Lord, I beseech thee save my soul,  
" With sorrows quite dismay'd."

How just and merciful is God ?  
How gracious is the Lord !  
Who saves the harmless, and to me,  
Did timely help afford !

Therefore my life's remaining years,  
Which God to me shall lend ;  
Will I in praises to his name,  
And in his service spend.

For what return to him shall I,  
For all his goodness make ?  
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal,  
The cup of blessing take.

To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise,  
And whilst I bless thy name ;  
The just performance of my vows,  
To all thy saints proclaim.

They in Jerusalem shall meet,  
And in thy house shall join ;  
To bless thy name with one consent,  
And mix their songs with mine.

## P S A L M CXVII.

**W**ITH chearful notes let all the earth,  
 To heav'n their voices raise ;  
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,  
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,  
 His truth shall ne'er decay ;  
 Then let the willing nations round,  
 Their grateful tribute pay.

## P S A L M CXVIII.

**T**O God I made my humble moan,  
 With troubles quite oppress'd ;  
 And he releas'd me from my straits,  
 And granted my request.

Far better 'tis to trust in God,  
 And have the Lord our friend ;  
 Than on the greatest human pow'r  
 For safety to depend.

Joy fills the dwellings of the just,  
 Whom God has sav'd from harm :  
 For wond'rous things are brought to pass  
 By his almighty arm.

He, by his own resistless pow'r,  
 His endless honour won ;  
 The saving strength of his right-hand,  
 Amazing works has done.

## P A R T II.

God suffers not the just to fall,  
 But still prolongs their days ;  
 That by declaring all his works,  
 They may advance his praise.

When God had sorely me chastis'd,  
 Till quite of hopes bereav'd ;  
 His mercy from the gates of death,  
 My fainting life repriev'd.

Then

72 P S A L M CXVIII, PART III.

Then open wide the temple-gates  
To which the just repair ;  
That I may enter in, and praise,  
My great deliv'rer there.

Within those gates of God's abode,  
To which the righteous press ;  
Since thou hast heard, I set me free,  
Thy holy name I'll bless.

Thou art my Lord, O God, and still,  
I'll praise thy holy name ;  
Because thou only art my God,  
I'll celebrate thy fame.

O then, with me, give thanks to God,  
Who still does gracious prove ;  
And let the tribute of our praise,  
Be endless as his love.

P A R T III. (*Proper for Easter-Day.*)

God, by his own resistless pow'r,  
Has endless honour won :  
The saving strength of his right-hand,  
Amazing works has done.

That which the builders once refus'd,  
Is now the corner stone ;  
This is the wond'rous work of God,  
The work of God alone.

This Day is God's — let all the land,  
Exalt their chearful voice ;  
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
And make us still rejoice.

P S A L M CXIX.

**H**OW blest are they, who always keep,  
The pure and perfect way ;  
Who never from the sacred paths,  
Of God's commandments stray !

How

PSALM CXIX, PART II, III. 73

How blest ! who to his righteous laws,  
Have still obedient been ;  
And have with fervent humble zeal,  
His favour sought to win.

Such men their utmost caution use  
To shun each wicked deed ;  
But in the path which he directs,  
With constant zeal proceed.

PART II.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred will ;  
And all our diligence employ,  
Thy statutes to fulfill.

O then, that thy most holy will,  
Might o'er my ways preside,  
And I the course of all my life,  
By thy direction guide!

Then with assurance should I walk,  
From all confusion free :  
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways  
With thy commands agree.

My glowing heart, shall my glad mouth,  
With chearful praises fill ;  
When by thy righteous judgments taught,  
I shall have learnt thy will.

So to thy sacred laws, shall I,  
All due observance pay ;  
O then forsake me not, my God,  
Nor cast me quite away.

PART III.

How shall the young preserve their ways,  
From all pollution free ?  
By making still their course of life,  
With thy commands agree.

How

H

With

74 P S A L M CXIX. PART IV.

With hearty zeal, for thee I seek,  
To thee for succour pray ;  
O suffer not my careless steps,  
From thy right paths to stray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,  
Thy word my treasure lies ;  
To succour me with timely aid,  
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul,  
Shall ever bless thy name ;  
O teach me then by thy just laws,  
My future life to frame !

Therefore thy just and upright laws  
Shall always fill my mind ;  
And those sound rules, which thou prescrib'st  
All due respects shall find.

To keep thy statutes undefac'd,  
Shall be my constant joy ;  
The strict remembrance of thy word,  
Shall all my thoughts employ.

P A R T IV.

Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,  
Do thou my life defend ;  
That I, according to thy word,  
My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,  
That so I my discern ;  
The wond'rous things which they behold,  
Who thy just precepts learn.

Far, far from me, do thou, O Lord,  
Contempt and shame remove ;  
For I thy sacred laws, affect,  
With undissembled love.

Thy



PSALM, CXIX. PART V, VI. 75

Thy blest commands have always been,  
My comfort and delight ;  
By them I learn with prudent care,  
To guide my steps aright.

PART V.

My soul oppress'd with num'rous cares,  
Close to the dust does cleave ;  
Revive me, Lord, and let my soul,  
Thy gracious aids receive.

To thee are open all my ways,  
Incline thy heav'nly ear ;  
And teach me, Lord, my future life,  
By thy just laws to steer.

When I have learn'd to know thy laws,  
And by their guidance walk ;  
The wond'rous works which thou hast done,  
Shall be my constant talk.

But see, my soul within me sinks,  
Opprest with sin and care ;  
O Lord, according to thy word,  
My faculties repair.

PART VI.

Far, far from me, be all false ways,  
And lying arts remov'd ;  
But kindly grant I still may keep,  
The path by thee approv'd.

Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,  
I'll make my happy choice ;  
Thy word shall be my rule of life,  
My praise thy heav'nly voice.

My care shall be to make my life,  
With thy commands agree ;  
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,  
From sin and satan free.

76 PSALM CXIX. PART VII, VIII.

So in the way of thy commands,  
Shall I with pleasure run ;  
And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,  
Successfully go on.

PART VII.

Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,  
Thy righteous paths display ;  
That I from them, thro' all my life,  
May never go astray.

Thou dost true wisdom from above,  
Most graciously impart ;  
To keep thy perfect laws I will,  
Devote my zealous heart,

Direct me in the sacred ways  
To which thy precepts lead ;  
So my delight will ever be,  
Thy righteous paths to tread.

Do thou, to thy most just commands  
Incline my willing heart ;  
Let no desire of worldly wealth  
From thee my thoughts divert.

From those vain objects turn my eyes,  
Which this false world displays ;  
And give me lively pow'r and strength  
To keep thy righteous ways.

Confirm the good resolves I've made,  
And give thy servant aid ;  
Who to transgress thy sacred laws,  
Is awfully afraid.

PART VIII.

Thy anger, which I justly fear,  
In mercy, Lord, remove ;  
For all the judgments thou ordain'st,  
Are full of grace and love.

My

II. P S A L M CXIX. PART IX, X. 77

My God, to practise thy commands,  
My longing heart does pant ;  
O then make haste to raise me up,  
And grace and succour grant.

Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,  
To cheer my drooping heart ;  
To me according to thy word,  
Thy saving health impart.

So I to keep thy righteous laws,  
Will all my study bend ;  
From age to age, my time becomes,  
In their observance spend.

P A R T IX.

My God, I long to walk at large,  
From sin and sorrow free ;  
Resolv'd to make my future life,  
With thy commands agree.

Thy laws shall be my constant talk,  
And scoffers shall attend ;  
Whilst I the pureness of thy word,  
With confidence defend.

My longing heart, and ravish'd soul,  
Shall both o'erflow with joy ;  
When in thy lov'd commandments I,  
My happy hours employ.

Then will I to thy just decrees,  
Lift up my willing hands ;  
My care and business then shall be,  
To practise thy commands.

P A R T X.

According to thy love and truth,  
Thy favour, Lord, extend ;  
And gospel promises, to me,  
Who on thy grace depend.

78 P S A L M CXIX. PART XI.

They my sure comforts in distress,  
Did all my griefs controul ;  
Thy word, when troubles hem'd me round,  
Reviv'd my fainting soul.

Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,  
Has fill'd my thoughts by night ;  
I am resolv'd by thy just laws,  
To guide my steps aright.

That peace of mind, which has my soul,  
In deep distress sustain'd ;  
By strict obedience to thy will,  
Can only be obtain'd.

P A R T XI.

O Lord, my God, my portion thou,  
And sure possession art ;  
Thy words I stedfastly resolve,  
To treasure in my heart.

I'll lose no time, but make all haste,  
Resolv'd without delay ;  
To watch, that I may never more  
From thy commandments stray.

With all the strength of warm desire,  
I now thy grace implore ;  
Disclose according to thy word,  
Thy mercy's boundless store.

In dead of night I will arise,  
To sing thy solemn praise ;  
Convinc'd how much I always ought,  
To love thy righteous ways.

To such as fear thy holy name,  
Myself I'll closely join ;  
To all who their obedient wills,  
To thy commands resign.

PSALM CXIX, PART XII, XIII, 79

O'er all the earth, thy mercy, Lord,  
Abundantly is shed ;  
O make me then exactly learn,  
Thy sacred paths to tread.

PART XII.

With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt,  
Most graciously, O Lord ;  
Repeated benefits bestow'd,  
For which, be thou ador'd !

Teach me the sacred skill, by which,  
Right judgment is attain'd ;  
By those who in the true belief,  
Have steadfastly remain'd.

Before affliction stopt my course,  
My footsteps went altray ;  
But I have since been disciplin'd,  
Thy precepts to obey.

'Tis good for me, that I have felt,  
Afflictions chast'ning rod :  
That I may duly learn and keep,  
The statutes of my God.

The law that from thy mouth proceeds  
Of more esteem I hold ;  
Than untouch'd mines ;--than thousand mines,  
Of silver and of gold.

PART XIII.

Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,  
And all thou dost is so :  
On me thy statutes to discern,  
Thy saving skill bestow.

To me who am the workmanship,  
Of thy almighty hands ;  
The heav'nly understanding gave,  
To learn thy just commands.

That

80 PSALM CXIX, PART XIV, XV.

That right thy judgments are, I now  
By sure experience see ;  
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,  
Thou hast afflicted me.

O let thy tender mercy, now,  
Afford me needful aid ;  
According to thy promise, Lord,  
To all thy servants made.

PART XIV.

To me, thy saving grace restore,  
That I again may live ;  
Whose soul can relish no delight,  
But what thy precepts give.

In thy blest statutes, let my heart,  
Continue always sound ;  
That guilt and shame, (the sinners lot,)  
May never me confound.

My soul with long expectance hope,  
To see thy saving grace ;  
And still on thy unerring word,  
My confidence I place.

Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,  
My drooping heart to cheer ;  
That by thy righteous statutes, I  
My life's whole course my steer.

PART XV.

For ever, and for ever, Lord,  
Unchang'd thou dost remain ;  
Thy word establish'd in the heav'n's,  
Does all their orbs sustain.

Thro' circling ages, Lord, thy truth,  
Immoveable shall stand ;  
As doth the earth which thou uphold'st,  
By thy almighty hand.

All



PSALM CXIX. PART XVI, XVII. 81

All things the course by thee ordain'd,  
Ev'n to this day fulfill ;  
They are thy faithful subjects all,  
And servants of thy will.

I've seen an end of what men call,  
Perfection here below :  
But thy commandments, like thyself,  
No change or period know.

PART XVI.

Unless thy sacred law had been,  
My comfort and delight ;  
I must have fainted and expir'd,  
In dark affliction's night.

Thy statutes therefore from my thought,  
Shall never, Lord depart ;  
For thou by them, hast to new life,  
Restor'd my drooping heart.

As I am thine, entirely thine,  
Protect me, Lord, from harm ;  
Who have thy precepts sought to know,  
And carefully perform.

My feet, with care, I will refrain,  
From ev'ry sinful way ;  
And to thy sacred word, my soul,  
Shall due obedience pay.

PART XVII.

The love that to thy laws I bear,  
No language can display ;  
They with fresh wonders entertain,  
My ravish'd thoughts all day.

I will not from thy judgments stray,  
By vain desires misled ;  
For Lord, thou hast instructed me,  
Thy righteous paths to tread.

How

82 PSALM CXIX. PART XVIII, XIX.

How sweet are all thy words to me,  
O what divine repast ?  
How much more grateful to my soul,  
Than honey to the taste !

Taught by thy sacred precepts, I,  
With heav'nly skill am blest ;  
Through which, the treach'rous ways of sin,  
I utterly detest.

PART XVIII.

Thy word is to my feet a lamp,  
The way of truth to show ;  
A watch-light to point out the path,  
In which I ought to go.

Let still my sacrifice of praise,  
With thee acceptance find ;  
And in thy righteous judgment, Lord,  
Instruct my willing mind,

Thy testimonies I have made,  
My heritage and choice ;  
For they, when other comforts fail,  
My drooping heart rejoyce.

My heart, with early zeal began,  
Thy statutes to obey ;  
And till my course of life is done,  
I'll keep thy upright way.

PART XIX.

My hiding place, my refuge tow'r  
And shield art thou, O Lord ;  
I firmly anchor all my hope,  
On thy unerring word.

Deceitful thoughts, and practices,  
I utterly detest ;  
But to thy law affection bear,  
Too great to be exprest.

According

According to thy gracious word,  
 From danger set me free ;  
 Nor make me of those hopes asham'd,  
 That I repose on thee,

Uphold me, so shall I be safe,  
 And rescu'd from distress ;  
 To thy decrees continually,  
 My just respects address.

The wicked thou hast trod to earth,  
 Who from thy statutes stray'd ;  
 Their vile deceit, the just reward,  
 Of their own falshood made.

Hence ye that trade in wickedness,  
 Approach not my abode ;  
 For firmly I resolve to keep,  
 The precepts of my God,

## P A R T XX.

To me thy servant in distress,  
 Thy wonted grace display ;  
 And discipline my willing heart,  
 Thy statutes to obey.

On me, devoted to thy fear,  
 Thy sacred skill bestow ;  
 That of thy testimonies, I,  
 The full extent may know :

Thy precepts, Lord, I still account,  
 In all respects divine :  
 They teach me to discern the right,  
 And all false ways decline.

The wonders which thy laws contain,  
 No words can represent :  
 Therefore to learn and practise them,  
 My zealous heart is bent.

The

84 P S A L M CXIX. PART XXI, XXII.

The very entrance to thy word,  
Celestial light displays ;  
And knowledge of true happiness,  
To simplest minds convey.

P A R T XXI.

With favour, Lord, look down on me,  
Who thy relief implore ;  
As thou art won't to visit those,  
Who thy blest name adore.

Directed by thy heav'nly word,  
Let all my foot-steps be ;  
Nor wickedness of any kind,  
Dominion have o'er me.

Release, entirely set me free,  
From sin and satan's bands ;  
That unmolested I may learn,  
And practice thy commands.

On me devoted to thy fear,  
Lord, make my face to shine ;  
Thy statutes both to know and keep,  
My heart with zeal incline.

P A R T XXII.

Thou art the righteous judge, in whom,  
Wrong innocence may trust ;  
And, like thyself thy judgments, Lord,  
In all respects are just.

Most wise and true, those statutes were,  
Which thou did'st first decree ;  
And all with faithfulness perform'd,  
Succeeding times shal see.

Thy righteousness shall still endure,  
When time itself is past ;  
Thy law is truth, itself that truth,  
Which shall for ever last.

Eternal

PSALM CXIX. PART XXIII, XXIV. 85

Eternal and unerring rules,  
Thy testimonies give :  
Teach me the wisdom that will make,  
My soul for ever live.

P A R T XXIII.

With my whole heart, on God I call'd,  
Lord, hear my earnest cry ;  
“ And I, thy statutes to perform,  
“ Will all my care apply.”

Again, more fervently I pray'd :  
“ O save me, that I may,  
“ Thy testimonies truly know,  
“ And stedfastly obey.”

Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
And wonted favour shew ;  
O quicken me, and so approve,  
Thy judgments ever true.

Concerning thy divine decrees,  
My soul has known of old ;  
That they were true, and shall their truth  
To endless ages hold.

P A R T XXIV.

Consider my affliction, Lord,  
And me from bondage draw ;  
Think on thy servant in distress,  
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

Plead thou my cause ; to that and me,  
Thy timely aid afford ;  
With beams of mercy quicken me,  
According to thy word.

Since great thy tender mercies are  
To all who thee adore ;  
According to thy goodness, Lord,  
My fainting hopes restore.

86 P S A L M CXIX. PART XXV.

From harden'd sinners thou remov'st,  
 Salvation far away :  
 'Tis just, thou should'st withdraw from them,  
 Who from thy statutes stray.  
 Such bold transgressors, I beheld,  
 And was with grief oppress'd ;  
 To see with what audacious pride,  
 Thy cov'nant they transgress'd  
 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,  
 How I thy precepts love ;  
 O therefore quicken me with beams,  
 Of mercy from above.  
 As from the birth of time thy truth,  
 Has held thro' ages past ;  
 So shall thy righteous judgments firm,  
 To endless ages last.

P A R T XXV.

Lord, ev'ry day with grateful voice,  
 Thy praises I'll resound :  
 Because I find thy judgments all,  
 With truth and justice crown'd.  
 Perfidious practices and lies,  
 I utterly detest :  
 But to thy word affection bear,  
 Too vast to be express'd.  
 Secure substantial peace have they  
 Who truly love thy law ;  
 No smiling pleasure them can tempt,  
 Nor frowning danger awe.  
 For thy salvation I have hop'd,  
 Altho' I've made delay ;  
 With chearful zeal, and strictest care,  
 Thy statutes to obey.

P A R T



PSALM CXIX. PART XXVI, XXVII. 87

PART XXVI.

To my request and earnest cry,  
Attend, O gracious Lord ;  
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,  
According to thy word,

Let my repeated humble pray'r  
Before thy throne appear ;  
According to thy gracious word,  
To my relief draw near.

Then shall my grateful lips return,  
The tribute of their praise ;  
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,  
And taught me thy just ways.

My tongue, the praises of thy word,  
Shall thankfully resound ;  
Because thy promises are all,  
With truth and justice crown'd.

PART XXVII.

Let thy almighty arm appear,  
And bring me timely aid ;  
For I the laws, thou hast ordain'd,  
My heart's free choice have made.

My soul has waited long to see,  
Thy saving grace restor'd ;  
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,  
Thy heav'nly laws afford.

Prolong my life, that I may sing,  
My great redeemer's praise ;  
Whose goodness from the snares of sin,  
My drooping soul did raise.

Like some lost sheep I stray'd, till I,  
Despair'd my way to find ;  
Lord let me still, salvation seek,  
And keep thy laws in mind.

88 PSALM CXXI, CXXIII, CXXIV.

PSALM CXXI.

**T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,  
 From thence expecting aid ;  
 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,  
 Who heav'n and earth has made.  
 Then thou my soul in safety rest,  
 Thy guardian never sleeps ;  
 His watchful care, that Isr'el guards,  
 His saints in safety keeps.  
 Shelter'd beneath th' almighty's wings,  
 They shall securely rest ;  
 Not sun nor moon, their time or peace,  
 Shall day or night molest.  
 From common accidents of life,  
 His care shall guard them still ;  
 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes,  
 That lye in wait to kill.  
 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
 The Lord shall them defend ;  
 Conduct them thro' life's pilgrimage,  
 Safe to their journey's end.

PSALM CXXIII.

**O**N thee who dwells above the skies,  
 For mercy waits my longing eyes ;  
 As servants watch their master's hands,  
 And maids their mistresses commands.

O then have mercy on us, Lord,  
 Thy gracious aid to us afford ;  
 Whom weight of sin and pain oppres,  
 And satan plunges in distress.

PSALM CXXIV. (*For the 5th of Nov.*)

**H**AD not the Lord (may Britain say,)  
 Been pleas'd to interpose ;  
 Had he not then espous'd our cause  
 When men against us rose.

Their

Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,  
 And rag'd without controul ;  
 Their spite and pride's united floods,  
 Had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.

But prais'd be our eternal Lord,  
 Who rescu'd us that day ;  
 Nor to their savage jaws gave up,  
 Our threat'ned lives a prey.

Our soul is like a bird escap'd,  
 From out the fowler's net ;  
 The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,  
 And we at freedom set.

Secure in his almighty name,  
 Our confidence remains,  
 Who, as he made both heav'n and earth,  
 Of both sole both monarch reigns.

## P S A L M CXXV.

**W**H O place on Sion's God their trust,  
 Like Sion's rock shall stand ;  
 Like her immoveable be fixt,  
 By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side,  
 Jerusalem enclose ;  
 So stands the Lord around his saints,  
 To guard them from their foes.

The wicked may afflict the just,  
 But ne'er too long oppress ;  
 Nor force him by despair to seek,  
 Base means for his redress.

Be good, O righteous God, to those,  
 Who righteous deeds affect ;  
 The heart that innocence retains,  
 Let innocence protect.

90 P S A L M CXXVII, CXXVIII.

All those who walk in crooked paths,  
 Their crimes will soon destroy ;  
 But will crown his virtuous saints.  
 With lasting peace and joy.

P S A L M CXXVII.

**W**E build with fruitless cost, unless,  
 The Lord the pile sustain ;  
 Unless the Lord the city keep,  
 The watch-man wakes in vain.

In vain we rise before the day,  
 And late to rest repair :  
 Allow no respite to our toil,  
 And eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,  
 He on his saints bestows ;  
 He crowns their labour with success,  
 Their nights with sound repose.  
 Children, those comforts of our life,  
 Are presents from the Lord ;  
 He gives a num'rous race of heirs,  
 As piety's reward.

As arrows in a giant's hand,  
 When marching forth to war ;  
 Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth,  
 Their parents safe-guard are.

Happy the man, whose quivers fill'd,  
 With these prevailing arms ;  
 He needs not fear to meet his foe,  
 At law, or war's alarm.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

**T**HE man is blest, who fears the Lord,  
 Nor only worship pays ;  
 But keeps his steps confin'd with care,  
 To his appointed ways.

He

He shall upon the sweet returns,  
Of his own labour feed ;  
Without dependance live, and see,  
His wishes all succeed.

His wife, like a fair fertile vine,  
Her lovely fruit shall bring ;  
His children like young olive plants,  
About his table spring.

Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus,  
Him Sion's God shall bless ;  
And grant him all his days to see,  
Jerusalem's success.

He shall live on, till heirs from him  
Descend with vast increase ;  
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,  
And more in Isr'el's peace.

## P S A L M CXXX.

**F**ROM lowest depths of woe,  
To God I sent my cry ;  
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,  
Who can the trial bear ?  
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits,  
For thee the living Lord ;  
My hopes are on thy promise built,  
Thy never failing word.

My longing eyes look out,  
For thy enliv'ning ray ;  
More duly than the morning watch,  
To spy the dawning day.

Let

92 P S A L M CXXXIII, CXXXIV.

Let Isr'el trust in God,  
No bounds his mercy knows;  
The plenteous source, and spring from whence,  
Eternal succour flows.

Whose friendly streams to us,  
Supplies in want convey;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,  
And wash our guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

**H**OW vast must their advantage be,  
How great their pleasure prove;  
Who live like brethren, and consent,  
In offices of love.

True love, is like that precious oil,  
Which pour'd on Aaron's head;  
Randown his beard, and o'er his robes,  
Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does  
On Hermon's top distill;  
Or like the early drops that fall,  
On Sion's fruitful hill.

For God to all, whose friendly hearts,  
With mutual love abound;  
Has firmly promis'd length of days,  
With constant blessings crown'd.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

**B**LESS God, ye servants that attend,  
Upon his solemn state;  
That in his temple, night by night,  
With humble rev'rence wait.

Within his house, lift up your hands,  
And bless his holy name;  
From Sion bless thy Isr'el Lord,  
Who heav'n and earth did frame.



P S A L M CXXXV.

**O** Praise the Lord, with one consent,  
And magnify his name;  
Let all the servants of the Lord,  
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise him all ye, that in his house,  
Attend with constant care;  
With those that to his utmost courts,  
With humble zeal repair.

For this our truest int'rest is,  
Glad hymns of praise to sing;  
And with loud songs to blefs his name,  
A most delightful thing.

For God his own peculiar choice  
The just and upright makes;  
And all who're virtuous for his own,  
Most valu'd treasure takes.

P A R T II.

That God is great, we often have,  
By glad experience found;  
And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r,  
And majesty is crown'd,

For he with unresisted strength,  
Performs his sov'reign will;  
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores,  
That earth's deep caverns fill.

He raises vapours from the ground,  
Which pois'd in liquid air;  
Fall down at last in show'rs, thro' which,  
His dreadful light'ning glare:

He from his store-house brings the wind,  
And his almighty hand,  
Blessings and visitations send,  
On this our native land.

## P A R T III.

Those idols reverenc'd and ador'd,  
O'er all the neighbouring lands ;  
Are made of silver and of gold,  
The work of human hands.

They move not their fictitious tongues,  
Nor see with polish'd eyes ;  
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,  
No breath their mouth supplies.

As senseless as themselves, are they,  
That thus their skill apply ;  
To make them, or in time of need,  
On them for aid rely.

(Blest be the Lord, that does afford,  
To us his gospel light ;  
Nor suffers us, like them to dwell,  
In error's dismal night.)

Their just returns of thanks to God,  
Let grateful Isr'el pay ;  
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race,  
To bless the Lord delay.

Their sense of his unbounded love,  
Let Levi's house express ;  
And let all those that fear the Lord,  
His name for ever bless.

Let all with thanks his wond'rous works,  
In Sion's court proclaim :  
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,  
Exalt his holy name.

## P S A L M CXXXVI.

**T**O God, the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat ;  
To him due praise afford,  
As good as he is great.

For God does prove,  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love,  
Shall never end.

2.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r,  
All other Gods obey ;  
Whom earthly kings adore,  
This grateful homage pay.  
For God, &c.

3.

By his almighty hand,  
Amazing works are wrought ;  
The heav'n's by his command,  
Were to perfection brought.  
For God, &c.

4.

He spread the ocean round,  
About the spacious land ;  
And made the rising ground,  
Above the waters stand.  
For God, &c.

5.

Thro' heav'n he does display,  
His num'rous hosts of light ;  
The sun to rule by day,  
The moon and stars by night,  
For God, &c.

6.

He does the food supply,  
On which all creatures live ;  
To God who reigns on high,  
Eternal praises give.  
For God, &c.

96 P S A L M CXXXVIII, CXXXIX.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

**W**ITH my whole heart, my God and king,  
Thy praise I will proclaim;  
Before the world with joy I'll sing,  
And blest thy holy name.

I'll worship at thy sacred seat,  
And with thy love inspir'd :  
The praises of thy truth repeat,  
O'er all thy works admir'd.

Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine ear,  
To all who to thee cry ;  
And when our souls are prest'd with fear,  
Dost inward strength supply.

Therefore shall all thy humble saints,  
Thy name with praise pursue ;  
Who by thy mercies stand convince,  
That all thy works are true.

They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,  
With chearful songs shall blest ;  
And all thy glorious art record,  
Thy awful pow'r confess.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

**T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search has known,  
My rising up, and sitting down ;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

'Thine eye, my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts, and private ways ;  
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
O skill, for human reach too high !  
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

© could

O could I so perfidious be,  
To think of once deserting thee !  
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,  
Or whether from thy presence run ?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
Or down to hell's infernal plains,  
'Tis there almighty veng'ance reigns.

If I the morning's wings cou'd gain,  
And fly beyond the western main ;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight,  
Beneath the fable wings of night ;  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray ;  
Would kindle darkness into day.

The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all searching eyes ;  
Thro' midnight shades, thou find'st thy way,  
As in the blazing noon of day.

PART II.

Thou know'st the texture of my heart,  
My reins and ev'ry vital part ;  
Each single thread in nature's loom,  
By thee was cover'd in the womb.

I'll praise thee from whose hands I came,  
A work of such a curious frame ;  
The wonders thou in me hast shewn,  
My soul with grateful joy must own.

Thine eyes my substance didst survey,  
While yet a lifeless mass I lay ;  
In secret, how exactly wrought,  
E're from its dark enclosure brought.

Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,  
Its parts were register'd by thee ;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.

K

Let

98 P S A L M CXXXIX, PART III.

Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
That since this maze of life I trod ;  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount,  
The pow'rs of numbers to recount.

Far sooner could I reckon o'er,  
The sand upon the ocean's shore ;  
Each morn reviving what I've done,  
I find th' account but new begun.

P A R T III.

The wicked thou'lt destroy, O God,  
Depart from me, ye men of blood ;  
Whose tongue heav'n's majesty profane,  
And take the almighty's name in vain.

Lord, let me shun the impious crew,  
Who th' just with enmity pursue :  
Sorrow and dread my heart oppresses,  
When reprobates thy laws transgress.

Who live without the fear of thee,  
Shall ne'er be countenanc'd by me ;  
Such men I utterly detest,  
As if they were my foes profess.

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,  
If evil lurks in any part ;  
Correct me when I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXLI.

**T**O thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,  
O haste to my relief ;  
And with accustom'd pity hear,  
The accents of my grief.

Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r,  
Like morning incense rise ;  
My lifted hands supply the place,  
Of ev'ning sacrifice.

From hasty language curb my tongue,  
And let a constant guard ;

still



Still keep the portal of my lips,  
 With wary silence bar'd.  
 From wicked mens designs and deeds,  
 My heart and hands restrain ;  
 Nor let me in the booty share,  
 Of their unrighteous gain.  
 Let upright men reprove my fault,  
 And I shall think them kind ;  
 Like balm that heals a wounded head,  
 I their reproof shall find.  
 And in return my fervent pray'r,  
 I shall for them address ;  
 When they are tempted and reduc'd,  
 Like me to sore distress.  
 My God, to thee, I shall direct,  
 My supplicating eyes ;  
 O leave not destitute my soul,  
 Whose trust on thee relies.

## P S A L M CXLIII.

**L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry,  
 Thy wonted audience bend ;  
 In thy accusom'd faith and truth,  
 A gracious answer send.  
 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring,  
 Thy servant to be tried ;  
 For in thy sight, no living man,  
 Can e'er be justify'd.  
 To thee my hands in humble pray'r  
 I fervently stretch out ;  
 My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,  
 Like land oppress'd with drought.  
 Thy kindness early let me hear,  
 Whose trust on thee depends ;  
 Teach me the way where I should go,  
 My soul to thee ascends.

100 PSALM CXLIV, PART II.

Thou art my God, thy righteous will,  
Instruct me to obey ;  
Let thy good spirit guide and keep,  
My soul in the right way.

PSALM CXLIV.

**L**ORD, what's in man, that thou should'st love,  
Such tender care of him to take ?  
What in his off-spring could thee move,  
Such great account of him to make ?  
The life of man does quickly fade,  
His thoughts but empty are and vain ;  
His days are like a flying shade,  
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

PART II.

Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage,  
Thy pow'r our enemies to quell ;  
And snatch us from the stormy rage,  
Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell.  
Fight thou against our foreign foes,  
Who utter speeches false and vain ;  
Who, tho' in solemn leagues they close,  
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.  
Then our young sons like trees shall grow,  
Well planted in some fruitful place ;  
Our daughters shall like pillars show,  
Design'd some royal court to grace.  
Our garners fill'd with various store,  
Shall us, and ours, with plenty feed ;  
Our sheep increasing more and more,  
Shall thousands, and ten thousands breed,  
Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,  
Nor in their constant labour faint ;  
Whilst we no want nor slav'ry know,  
And in our streets hear no complaint.

Thrice

P S A L M CXLV.

101

Thrice happy is that people's case,  
Whose various blessings thus abound;  
Who God's true worship still embrace,  
And are with his protection crown'd.

P S A L M CXLV.

**T**HEE I'll extol my God and king,  
Thy endless praise proclaim,  
This tribute daily I will bring,  
And ever blest thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,  
And highly to be praised;  
Thy majesty with boundless height,  
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame,  
To future times extends;  
From age to age, thy glorious name,  
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,  
And wond'rous works express;  
The world with me thy might shall own,  
And thy great pow'r confess.

The praise that to thy love belongs,  
They shall with joy proclaim;  
The truth of all their grateful songs,  
Shall be the constant theme.

P A R T II.

The Lord is God, fresh acts of grace,  
His pity still supplies;  
His anger moves with slowest pace,  
His willing mercy flies.

Thy Love thro' earth extends its fame,  
To all thy works express;  
These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name,  
Is by thy servants blest.

They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,  
Shall of thy kingdom speak;

102 PSALM CXLV. PART III.

And thy great pow'r by all admir'd,  
Their lofty subject make.

God's glorious works of ancient date,  
Shall thus to all be known ;  
And there his kingdom's, royal state,  
With public splendor shewn.

His stedfast throne from changes free,  
Shall stand for ever fast ;  
His boundless sway no end shall see,  
But time itself out last.

PART III.

The Lord does them support that fall,  
And makes the prostrate rise ;  
For his kind aid, all creatures call,  
Who timely food supplies.

Whate'er their various wants require,  
With open hand he gives ;  
And so fulfills the just desire,  
Of ev'ry thing that lives.

How holy is the Lord, how just !  
How righteous all his ways !  
How nigh to him, who with firm trust,  
For his assistance prays !

He grants the full desires of those,  
Who him with fear adore ;  
And will their troubles soon compose,  
When they his aid implore.

The Lord preserves all those with care,  
Whom grateful love employs ;  
But sinners who his veng'ance dare,  
His mighty arm destroys.

My time to come in praises spent,  
Shall still advance his fame ;  
And all mankind with one consent.  
Fo ever bless his name.

PSALM

## P S A L M CXLVI.

**O** Praise the Lord, and thou my soul,  
For ever bless his name ;  
His wond'rous love, while life shall last,  
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings the greatest sons of men,  
Let none for aid rely ;  
They cannot save in dang'rous times,  
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,  
And there neglected lye ;  
And all their thoughts and vain designs,  
Together with them dye.

Then happy he, who Jacob's God,  
For his protector takes ;  
Who still with well plac'd hope, the Lord,  
His constant refuge makes.

## P A R T II.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,  
And all that they contain ;  
Will never quit his stedfast truth,  
Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd from all their wants,  
Are eas'd by his decree ;  
He gives the hungry needful food,  
And sets the prisoners free.

By him the blind receives their sight,  
The weak and fall'n he rears ;  
With kind regard and tender love,  
He for the righteous cares.

The strangers he preserves from harm,  
The orphan kindly treats ;  
Defends the widow, and the wiles  
Of wicked men defeats.

The God that does in Sion dwell,  
Is our eternal king ;

From

104 P S A L M CXLVII. PART II.

From age to age, his reign endures,  
Let all his praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

**O** Praise the Lord, with hymns of joy,  
And celebrate his fame ;  
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis,  
To praise his holy name.

He kindly heals the broken heart,  
And all their wounds doth close ;  
He tells the number of the stars,  
Their several names he knows.

Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,  
His wisdom hath no bound ;  
The meek he raises, and throws down  
The wicked to the ground.

P A R T II.

To God the Lord, an hymn of praise,  
With grateful voices sing ;  
To songs of triumph, tune the harp,  
And strike each warbling string.  
He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence,  
Refreshing rains bestows ;  
Thro' him on mountain tops, the grass  
With wond'rous plenty grows.

He, savage beasts, that loosely range,  
With timely food supplies ;  
He feeds the ravens tender brood,  
And stops their hungry cries.

He values not the warlike steed,  
But does his strength disdain :  
The nimble foot that swiftly runs,  
No prize from him can gain.

But he to him, that fears his name,  
His tender love extends ;  
To him that on his boundless grace,  
With stedfast hope depends.



## P A R T III.

Let Sion and Jerusalem,  
 To God their praise address ;  
 Who is their fortress and defence,  
 And does their children bless.  
 Thro' all their borders he gives peace,  
 With finest wheat they're fed ;  
 He speaks the word, and what he will,  
 Is done as soon as said.  
 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,  
 Descend at his command ;  
 And hoary frost like ashes spread,  
 Is scatter'd o'er the land.  
 When join'd to these, he does his hail,  
 In little morsels break ;  
 Who can against the piercing cold,  
 Secure defences make.  
 He sends his word which melts the ice,  
 He makes his wind to blow ;  
 And soon the streams congeal'd before,  
 In plenteous currents flow.  
 By him his statutes and decrees,  
 To Jacob's sons were shown ;  
 And by the Gentiles thro' the world,  
 His righteous laws are known.

## P S A L M CXLVIII.

**Y**E boundless realms of joy,  
 Exalt your maker's fame ;  
 His praise your song employ,  
 Above the starry frame.  
 Your voices raise, ye cherubim,  
 And seraphim to sing his praise ;  
 Thou moon that rules the night,  
 And sun that guid'st the day ;  
 Ye glittering stars of light,  
 To him your homage pay.  
 His praise declare,  
 Ye heav'ns above,

And

106 P S A L M CXLVIII. PART II.

And clouds that move,  
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord, and praise his holy name,  
By whose almighty word, they all from nothing came;  
And all shall last from changes free,  
His firm decree, stands ever fast.

He will his servants grace,  
And set them up on high ;  
And bless the chosen race,  
Who to him would be nigh :  
O therefore raise,  
Your grateful voice ;  
And still rejoice,  
The Lord to praise.

PART II.

Let earth her tribute pay,  
Praise him, ye dreadful whales ;  
And fish that thro' the sea  
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales.

Fire, hail, and snow,  
And misty air ;  
And winds, that were,  
He bids them blow.

By hills and mountains, (all,  
In grateful concert join'd,)  
By cedars stately tall,  
And trees for fruit design'd :

By ev'ry beast,  
And creeping thing ;  
And fowl of wing,  
His name be blest.

Let all of royal birth,  
With those of humble frame,  
And judges of the earth,  
His matchless praise proclaim ;

In this design,  
Let youths with maids,  
And hoary heads  
With children join.

United zeal be shewn,  
His wond'rous fame to raise ;

Whose

Whose glorious name alone  
 Deserves our endless praise :  
 Earth's utmost ends  
 His pow'r obey :  
 His glorious sway  
 The sky transcends.

## P S A L M CXLIX.

**O** Praise ye the lord,  
 Prepare your glad voice,  
 His praise in the great  
 Assembly to sing.  
 In our great creator,  
 Let Isr'el rejoice ;  
 And children of Sion  
 Be glad in their king.  
 Let them his great name  
 Extol in the dance ;  
 With timbrel and harp  
 His praises express ;  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 His saints to advance ;  
 And with his salvation  
 The humble to bless.  
 With glory adorn'd,  
 His people shall sing,  
 To God, who their beds,  
 With safety does shield ;  
 Their mouths fill'd with praises  
 Of him, their great king ;  
 While fruits of thanksgiving  
 Their holiness yield.  
 Thus shall they declare,  
 That sin to destroy,  
 And men to redeem,  
 The Son of God came :  
 Such honour and triumph  
 His saints shall enjoy,  
 O therefore for ever  
 Exalt his great name.

O praise

## P S A L M CL.

**O** Praise the Lord, in that blest place,  
 From whence his goodness largely flows;  
 Praise him in heaven, where he his face,  
 Unveil'd, in perfect glory shews.  
 Praise him for all the mighty acts  
 Which he in our behalf has done;  
 His kindness this return exacts,  
 With which our praise should equal run.  
 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice,  
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;  
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise,  
 And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.  
 Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring,  
 And some with graceful motion dance;  
 Let instruments of various string,  
 With organs join'd, his praise advance.  
 Let them who joyful hymns compose,  
 To cymbals set their songs of praise;  
 Cymbals of common use, and those  
 That loudly sound on solemn days,  
 Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
 The breath he does to them afford,  
 In just returns of praise employ;—  
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

## G L O R I A P A T R I.

*Common Metre.*

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore;  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.  
 To God, our benefactor, bring  
 The tribute of your praise;  
 Too small for an almighty King,  
 But all that we can raise.  
 Glory to thee, blest Three in One,  
 The God whom we adore:  
 As was, and is, and shall be done,  
 When time shall be no more.

*Long*

# G L O R I A P A T R I. 109

*Long Metre.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

*Short Metre.*

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,  
To all eternity.

*As the 37th, and some other Psalms.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,  
And suffering Saints on earth adore,  
Be Glory, as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time itself exists no more.

*As Psalm 100, and many others of eight syllables.*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below :  
Praise him above, angelic host :  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*As Psalm 136, 148.*

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever blest,  
Eternal Three in one,  
All worship be addrest,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

*As Psalm 149.*

By angels in Heav'n  
Of ev'ry degree,  
And Saints upon Earth,  
All praise be addrest,  
To God in Three persons,  
One God ever-blest;  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be.

## S U P P L E M E N T

T O T H E

## NEW VERSION of the PSALMS.

*Te Deum Laudamus.*

**O** God, we praise thee, and confess  
 That thou the only Lord  
 And everlasting father art,  
 By all the earth ador'd.  
 To thee all angels cry aloud ;  
 To thee the pow'rs on high,  
 Both cherubim and seraphim,  
 Continually do cry.  
 O holy, - holy, holy Lord,  
 Whom heav'nly hosts obey ;  
 The World is with the glory fill'd  
 Of thy majestic ray.  
 Th' Apostles glorious company,  
 And prophets crown'd with light,  
 With all the Martyrs' noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.  
 The holy church throughout the world,  
 O Lord, confesses thee,  
 That thou eternal father art,  
 Of boundless Majesty.  
 Thine honour'd, true, and only Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, the spring  
 Of never-ceasing joy : O Christ,  
 Of glory thou art King.

The



The Father's everlasting Son,  
Thou from on high didst come  
To save mankind, and didst not then  
Disdain the virgin's womb.  
And having overcome the sting  
Of death, thou open'd'st wide  
The gates of heav'n to all, who firm  
In thy belief abide.

## P A R T II.

Crown'd with the Father's glory, thou  
At God's right-hand doth sit ;  
Whence thou shalt come to be our judge,  
To sentence or acquit.  
O therefore save thy servants, Lord,  
Whose souls so dearly cost :  
Nor let the purchase of thy blood,  
Thy precious blood, be lost.

We magnify thee, day by day,  
And ever worship thee :  
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day  
From sin and danger free.  
Have mercy, mercy, on us, Lord !  
To us thy grace extend,  
According as for mercy, we  
On thee alone depend !

In thee I have repos'd my trust,  
And ever shall do so ;  
Preserve me then from ruin here,  
And from eternal woe.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## V E N I C R E A T O R .

[ First Metre. ]

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
 And visit all the souls of thine ;  
 Thou hast inspir'd our hearts with life ;  
 Inspire them now with life divine.  
 Thou art the comforter, the gift  
 Of God most high ; the fire of love,  
 The everlasting spring of joy,  
 And holy unction from above.  
 Thy gifts are manifold ; thou writ'st  
 God's laws in ev'ry faithful heart :  
 The promise of the father, thou  
 Dost heav'nly eloquence impart.  
 Enlighten our dark souls, 'till they  
 Thy love, thy heav'nly love embrace,  
 And (since we are by nature frail)  
 Assist us with thy saving grace.  
 Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
 And grant us to have peace within ;  
 That with thy light and guidance blest,  
 We may escape the snares of sin.  
 Teach us the Father to confess,  
 And Son, who from the grave reviv'd ;  
 And, with the Father and the Son,  
 Thee, Holy Ghost, from both deriv'd.  
 With thee, O Father, therefore may  
 The Son, who was from death restor'd,  
 And sacred Comforter, one God,  
 To endless ages be ador'd.

## V E N I C R E A T O R .

[ Second Metre. ]

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
 Inspire the souls of thine,  
 'Till ev'ry heart which thou hast mad  
 Is fill'd with grace divine.

Thou

Thou art the comforter, the gift  
Of God, and fire of love ;  
The everlasting spring of joy,  
And unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st  
God's laws in each true heart :  
The promise of the Father, thou  
Dost heav'nly speech impart.  
Enlighten our dark souls, 'till they  
Thy sacred love embrace ;  
Assist our minds, (by nature frail,)  
With thy celestial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And give us peace within ;  
That, by thy guidance blest, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.  
Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death reviv'd ;  
And with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,  
'Who art from both deriv'd.

With thee, O Father, therefore may  
The Son, from death restor'd,  
And sacred Comforter, one God  
Devoutly be ador'd.  
As in all ages heretofore  
Has constantly been done,  
As now it is ; and shall be so,  
When time his course has run.

B E N E D I C T U S, *or*

The Song of Zacharias, *Luke i. 68.*

**N**OW bless'd be *Ifr'el's* Lord and God,  
Whose mercy, at our need  
Has visited his people's grief,  
And them from bondage freed.

And rais'd in faithful *David's* house  
 Salvation, which of old,  
 E'er since the world itself began,  
 His prophets had foretold.

To save us from our spiteful foes,  
 And keep his oath in mind,  
 Which he to *Abr'am* heretofore,  
 And to our fathers sign'd ;  
 That we, from fear and danger freed,  
 His temple may frequent ;  
 And all our days, as in his fight,  
 In holy life be spent.

And thou, O child, shalt then be call'd  
 God's prophet, to declare  
 His message, and before his face  
 His passage to prepare.  
 To give them light, who now in shades  
 Of night and death abide ;  
 And in the way that leads to peace,  
 Our footsteps safely guide.

### M A G N I F I C A T, *or*

The Song of the *B. Virgin*, *Luke i. 46.*

**M**Y soul and spirit fill'd with joy,  
 My God and Saviour praise,  
 Whose goodness did from poor estate  
 His humble hand-maid raise.

Me blest'd of God, the God of pow'r,  
 All ages shall confess ;  
 Whose name is holy, and whose love  
 His saints shall ever bless.

The proud, and all their vain designs,  
 He quickly did confound ;  
 He cast the mighty from their seat,  
 The meek and humble crown'd.

The

The hungry with good things are fill'd,  
The rich with hunger pin'd :  
He sent his servant *Isr'el* help,  
And call'd his love to mind.

Which to our fathers heretofore,  
By oath he did ensure :  
To *Abr'am* and his chosen seed  
For ever to endure.

G L O R I A P A T R I .

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

N U N C D I M I T T I S, *or*

The Song of St. *Simeon*, *Luke* ii. 29.

**L**ORD, let thy servant now depart  
Into thy promis'd rest,  
Since my expecting eyes have been  
With thy salvation blest ;  
Which till this time thy favour'd saints  
And prophets only knew,  
Long since prepar'd, but now set forth  
In all the people's view.

A light, to shew the heathen World  
The way to saving grace ;  
But oh ! the light and glory both  
Of *Isr'el*'s chosen race.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*The*

*The C R E E D.*

**I** Stedfastly believe in GOD,  
 The Father of all might ;  
 Who made this lower world, and all  
 The glorious worlds of light.  
 And I believe in Jesus Christ,  
 The everlasting word ;  
 Th' Almighty Father's only Son,  
 And our most gracious Lord:  
 Conceived by th' Holy Ghost, and of  
 The Virgin *Mary* born ;  
 By *Pontius Pilate* doom'd to bear  
 Most bitter pains and scorn.  
 Was crucify'd ; and for a time,  
 Both dead and bury'd lay ;  
 Descended into hell ; and rose  
 To life on the third day ;  
 Ascended up to heav'n ; and there  
 At God's right-hand is plac'd ;  
 From whence he shall return to judge  
 The quick and dead at last.  
 I likewise firmly do believe,  
 O Holy Ghost, in thee ;  
 The holy universal church,  
 And saints community.  
 Forgiveness of repented sins,  
 (Through Christ, our sacrifice).  
 The resurrection of the dead,  
 And life that never dies.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

*The*



*The* LORD'S PRAYER.

[ First Metre. ]

**O**UR Father, who in heaven art,  
Thy name be hallow'd in each heart :  
Thy kingdom come ; may we fulfil,  
Who dwell on earth, thy heav'nly will,  
With equal cheerfulnefs and love  
As saints and angels do above.  
Give us this day our daily bread ;  
Us into no temptation lead ;  
But with thy grace preserve us still  
From sin, and ev'ry thing that's ill.  
For thine the kingdom, and the pow'r  
And glory are for evermore.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom all the sacred host  
Of saints and angels do adore,  
All glory be ; as heretofore  
It was, is now, and so shall be  
To ages of eternity.

*The* LORD'S PRAYER.

[Second Metre.]

**O**UR Father, who in heaven art,  
All hallow'd be thy name ;  
Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done ;  
Throughout this earthly frame,  
As cheerfully as 'tis by those  
Who dwell with Thee on high ;  
Lord, let thy bounty day by day  
Our daily food supply ;  
As we forgive our enemies,  
Thy pardon, Lord, we crave ;  
Into temptation lead us not,  
But us from evil save.

Eod

For kingdom, pow'r, and glory, all  
 Belong, O Lord, to Thee;  
 Thine from eternity they were,  
 And Thine shall ever be.

*The LAMENTATION of a SINNER.*

**O** Lord, turn not thy face from me,  
 Who lie in woeful state,  
 Lamenting all my sinful life  
 Before thy mercy-gate:  
 A gate which opens wide to those  
 That do lament their sin:  
 Shut not that gate against me, Lord,  
 But let me enter in.

And call me not to strict account,  
 How I have sojourn'd here:  
 For then my guilty conscience knows  
 How vile I shall appear.  
 I need not to confess my life  
 To Thee, who best can tell  
 What I have been, and what I am;  
 I know thou know'st it well.

The circumstances of my crimes,  
 Their number, and their kind,  
 Thou know'st 'em all, and more, much more  
 Than I can call to mind.  
 Therefore, with tears, I come to beg  
 Of my offended God,  
 For pardon, like a child that dreads  
 His angry parent's rod.

So come I to thy mercy-gate,  
 Where mercy doth abound,  
 Imploring pardon for my sin,  
 To heal my deadly wound.

O Lord,

O Lord, I need not to repeat  
The comfort I would have :  
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,  
The blessing I do crave.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask ;  
This is the total sum :  
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,  
Lord, let thy mercy come !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

SONG of the Angels, at the Nativity of  
our Blessed Saviour.

*Luke II. ver. 8.—15.*

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
night,

All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

“ Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread  
“ Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)

“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
“ To you, and all mankind :

“ To you, in *David's* town, this day  
“ Is born, of *David's* line,

“ The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;—  
“ And this shall be the sign :

“ The heav'nly Babe you there shall find  
“ To human view display'd,

“ All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
“ And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of Angels, praising God, and thus  
Address'd their joyful song :

All

“ All glory be to God on high,  
 “ And to the earth be peace ;  
 “ Good-will, henceforth, from heav’n to men  
 “ Begin, and never cease.”

*For E A S T E R D A Y.*

[First Hymn.]

• **S**INCE Christ, our Passover, is slain  
 A sacrifice for all :

Let all with thankful hearts agree  
 To keep the festival :

Not with the leaven, as of old,  
 Of sin and malice fed ;

But with unfeign’d sincerity,  
 And truth’s unleaven’d bread.

† Christ being rais’d by pow’r divine,  
 And rescu’d from the grave,  
 Shall die no more, Death shall on Him  
 No more dominion have :

† For that he dy’d, ’twas for our sins  
 He once vouchsaf’d to die ;  
 But that he lives, he lives to God,  
 For all eternity.

|| So count yourselves as dead to sin,  
 But graciously restor’d,  
 And made, henceforth, alive to God,  
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

\* 1 Cor. i. 7.    † Rom. vi. 9.    † Ver. 10.  
 || Ver. 11.

*For*

*Hymns for the Holy Communion.*

121

For E A S T E R D A Y.

[Second Hymn.]

\* **C**HRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made  
The first fruits of the tomb;  
For, as by man came death, by man  
Did resurrection come.

† For, as in *Adam*, all mankind  
Did guilt and death derive;  
So, by the righteousness of Christ,  
Shall all be made alive.

‡ If then ye risen are with Christ,  
Seek only how to get  
The things that are above, where Christ  
At God's right-hand is set.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

\* 1 Cor. xv. 20. † Ver. 21. ‡ Col. iii. 1.

*Three HYMNS for the holy Communion.*

H Y M N I.

Out of the *Revelations* of St. *John*.

\* **T**HOU God, all glory, honour, pow'r  
Art worthy to receive,  
Since all things by thy pow'r were made,  
And by thy bounty live.

† And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,  
Honour and wealth, to gain,  
Glory and strength; who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain.

‡ All worthy Thou, who hast redeem'd  
And ransom'd us to God,  
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,  
By thy most precious blood.

\* Ch. iv. † Ch. v. 12. ‡ Ver. 9.

N

|| Blessing

122 *Hymns for the Holy Communion.*

|| Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,  
By all in earth and heav'n,  
To him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb, be giv'n.

|| Ver. 13.

H Y M N II.

*Revelations, Chap. 19.*

• **A**LL ye who faithful servants are  
Of our almighty King,  
Both high and low, and small and great,  
His praise devoutly sing!

† Let us rejoice, and render thanks  
To his most holy name;  
Rejoice, rejoice! for now is come  
The marriage of the Lamb.

His bride herself has ready made,  
‡ How pure and white her dress!  
Which is her saints' integrity,  
'And spotless holiness.

O therefore, bless'd is ev'ry one,  
Who to the marriage feast  
And holy supper of the lamb,  
Is call'd a welcome guest!

• Ver. 5. † Ver. 7. ‡ Ver. 8.

H Y M N III.

*The Thanksgiving in the Church Communion-  
Service.*

**T**O God be glory, peace on earth,  
To all mankind good will!  
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,  
And glorify thee still.

And



And thanks for thy great glory give,  
That fills our souls with light ;  
O Lord ! God ! heav'nly King ! the God  
And Father of all might.

And Thou, begotten son of God  
Before all time begun ;  
O Jesu Christ ! God, Lamb of God !  
The Father's only Son !

Have mercy Thou, that tak'st the sins  
Of all the world away !  
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,  
And hear us when we pray !

O thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,  
Upon the Father's throne,  
Have mercy on us, thou, O Christ,  
Who art the holy one !

The Lord,—who with the Holy Ghost,  
Whom earth and heav'n adore,  
In glory of the Father art  
Most high for evermore.

F I N I S.

Mary Wilson  
M. J. G. Boston



